NOVEMBER 25 — DEC 1, 1978

RS. 1.50

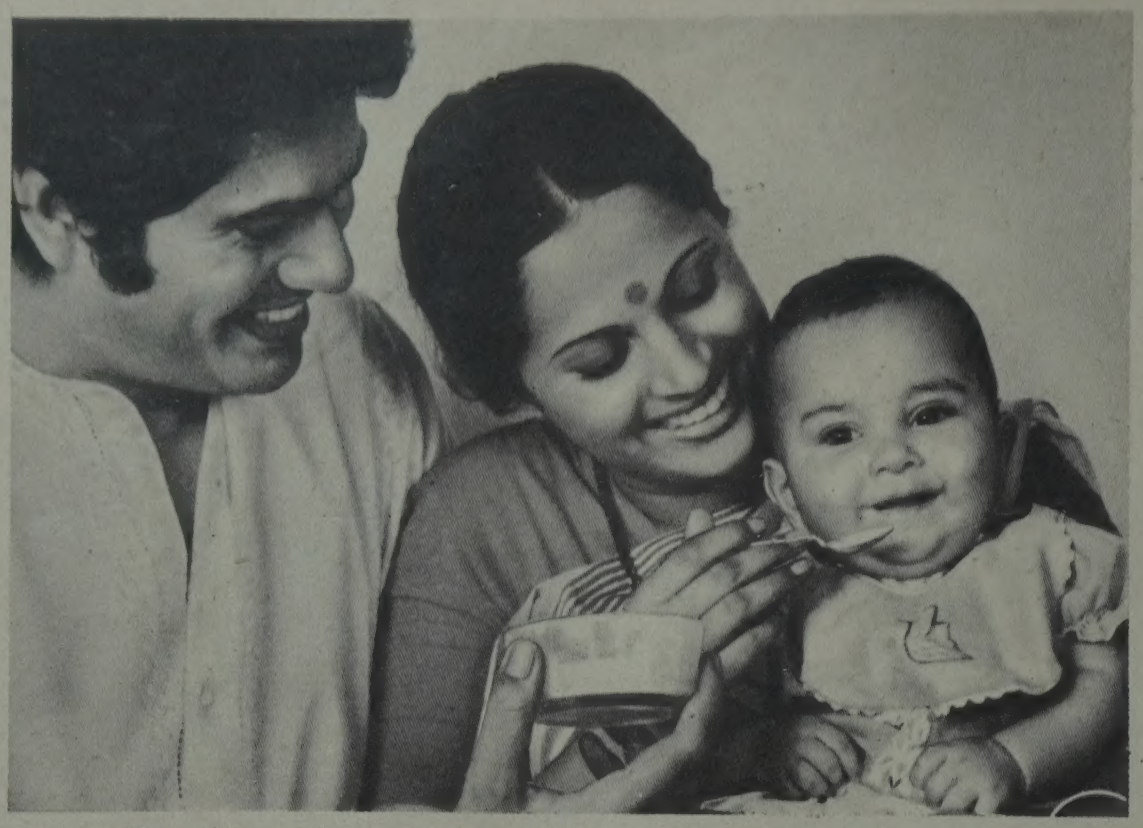
Eve's Weekly

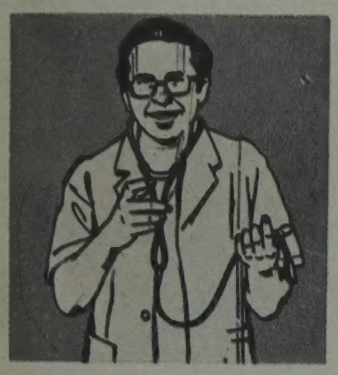
COMPLIMENTARY COPY

S. T. D. or V. D. – It's Still The Silent Killer

RACISM IN INDIA: A Survey Among African Students

After 3 months, milk alone is not enough.





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Doctors recommend Farex! Why?

Because it's perfectly balanced to supply your baby's needs when he starts on solid food; and it is right for baby's tender digestion.

Why is Farex perfectly balanced for baby's needs?

Let's take your baby's nutritional needs and see how Farex meets them.

Your baby needs protein for the growth of his brain and body: Farex provides the right blend of easy-to-digest protein.

Your baby needs energy: Farex provides carbohydrates to give your baby a reserve supply of energy.

Did you know that, when you brought your baby into this world, you gave him an important gift? Yes, a 3-month supply of iron for his blood. But by the time your baby is 3 months old, he will have exhausted his supply of iron. It's crucial to replenish it. Farex has enough iron to meet your baby's needs and keep his blood healthy.

Farex also has enough calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin D to help your baby grow sturdy bones and strong teeth.

Why 3 months onwards?

When your baby is 3 months old, he needs help to develop his chewing habit, otherwise you may find him swallowing the solid food you give him later. That would cause him tummy-aches and also affect his growth. Farex helps your baby learn to chew; and as he learns, you add less and less milk, to make his food more solid.

If you give him Farex now, he will adapt better to 'grown up' food later on—because he has learned how to chew and digest it properly.

Wouldn't mashed potatoes do?

Before you give your baby any solid food, stop a moment to consider your baby's digestion. At 3 months, it is still tender. That's why your baby needs a specially prepared infant solid food—something he can digest *easily*.

Because, traditional foods alone are not always scientifically balanced to give your baby his most important needs: enough iron, calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin D, specially iron.

This is why doctors say that, after 3 months, Farex is a must for your baby.

When should I start him on 'grown up' foods?

When he takes his first toddling step. That's when his taste buds have develope and preferences are forming. Now he begins to accept 'grown up' food and that is when you should give him Farex with Malt Extract.

Mix Farex, with a little imagination and a lot of love, into all the recipes for your baby.

Now the same Farex goodness also comes in the new 200 gm. carton pack—It's a big saving...it's a lot of goodness!

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PRESSMAN

Sumeet amazes housewives

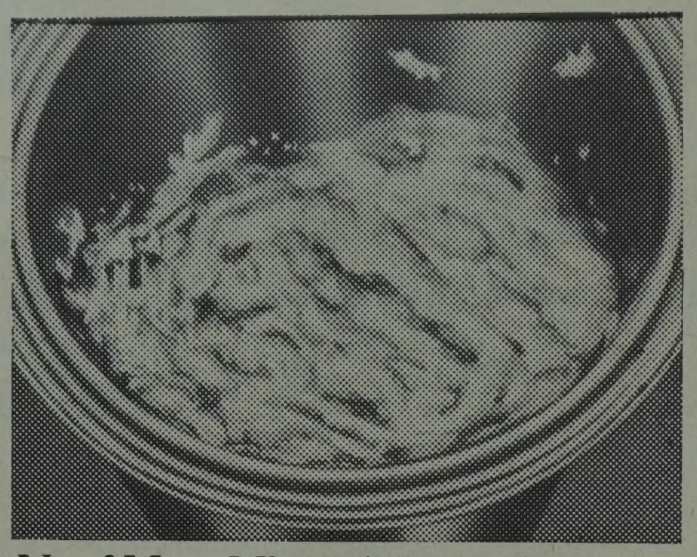
"It's a complete kitchen machine – now even more amazing with a wider range of performance!"

Sumeet is first of its kind in India! Equipped with an easy-to-clean hygienic stainless steel jar which comes with an acrylic dome ...so you can look in and actually see how easily Sumeet performs!

To make various jobs quicker and easier, there are now 4 blade-assemblies: for wet/dry grinding, whipping, blending, liquidising; and now for mincing meat and grating vegetables, too. A special kneading attachment makes smooth dough for chappatis, puris, paparhs. There is even a special hook for mixing cake batter...

And Sumeet has a heavy-duty motor that can run non-stop for 30 full minutes. Come and see Sumeet perform!

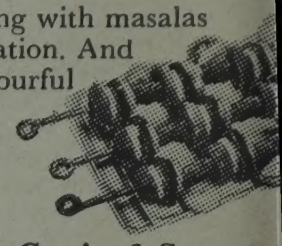
Sumeet is also available without the kneading attachment in an economical pack:Sumeet Domestic. You can buy the kneading attachment separately too.



New! Meat Mincer/Vegetable Grater is unique—first of its kind!

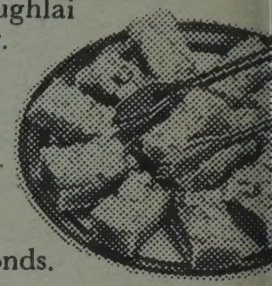
A simple yet ingenious blade that comes with the stainless steel jar. Specially developed by the makers of Sumeet to mince meat in just 1 minute... to grate carrots, onions, coconut, nuts in seconds. And even to crush ice quick-as-a-wink. Simply fantastic! To give you an idea of its versatility, here are a few exciting examples of its usefulness in your kitchen...

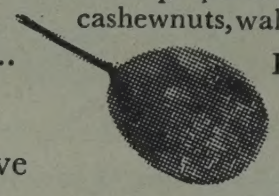
Kababs Minces meat along with masalas —all in one simple operation. And none of the precious flavourful natural juices are lost! Ideal for seekh kababs, hamburgers, keema, etc.



Onion Gravies & Sauces Grates onions for the thick tasty gravies and sauces you need in Mughlai cooking.

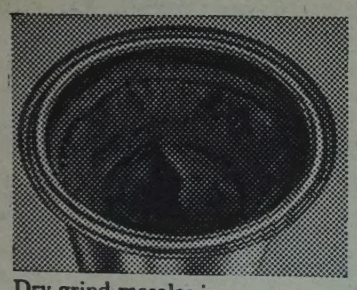
Coconut Barfi Grates coconut in seconds for your favourite recipes. Does the same for making carrot halwa and other preparations with cashewnuts, walnuts, almonds.



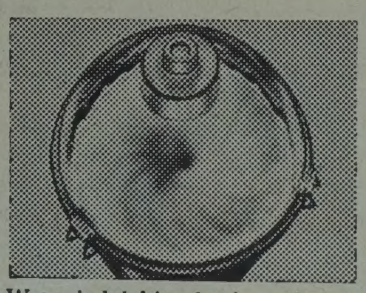


Flavoured Ices Crushes ice quick as-a-wink for tempting ices which you can serve up in a variety of flavours. And makes ice-shavings for cocktails too.

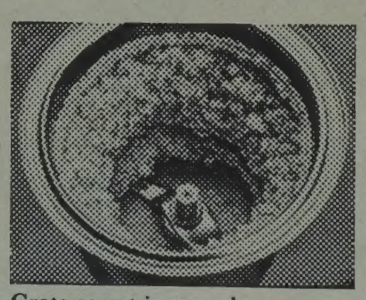
See what else you can do with Sumeet



Dry grind masalas in 3½ minutes!

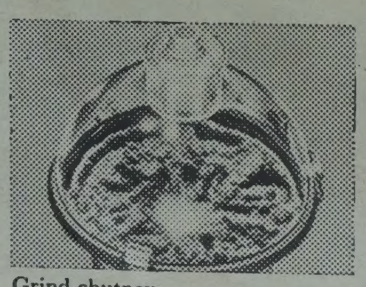


Wet grind dal in 3½ minutes!

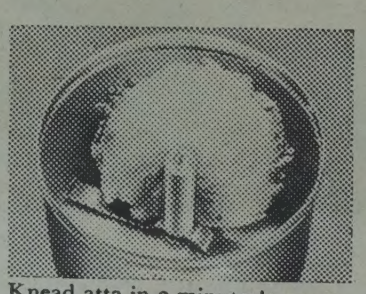


Grate carrot in seconds.

Whip up lassi/fruit juice in just 1 minute!



Grind chutney in 2 minutes.



Knead atta in 2 minutes!
Mix cake batter in 3½ minutes!

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RODABE IRANI

Eighteen-year-old Rodabe is full of life, and is always eager to learn new things. The only daughter of her parents, who live in Gulbarga, Mysore District, Rodabe has three younger brothers whom she dotes on.

Rodabe graduated from Dastur School, Pune, and is now doing her Inter Arts from Sophia College, Bombay. She intends to do a course in journalism after B.A.

Rodabe spends most of her leisure hours in reading and writing, and loves swimming and modern dancing. Her hobby is stamp collecting. She enjoys meeting people.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

this week

AFRICAN STUDENTS IN INDIA

Interviews with young Africans studying in India reveal some of the problems they face — among them, financial difficulties, ignorance on the part of the Indians they meet about Africa, and tremendous colour prejudice. Perverse and irrational as it seems — "coloured" as we ourselves are — we may be among the most racially prejudiced people in the world.

Page 19.

MALE VS. FEMALE : DOCTORS HAVE IT OUT

The controversy over male doctors in the Cama and Albless Hospitals, Bombay, continues unabated. Founded as a hospital for women, to be run exclusively by women, the hospital has in recent years been opened to male doctors.

There has apparently been a drop in the number of patients, most of whom come from conservative backgrounds.

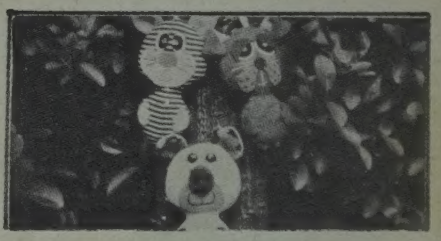
An anonymous letter about the alleged misbehaviour of some male doctors prompted a fresh inquiry into the state of affairs at this public hospital.

Page 23.

FROM THE SCRAP BAG

A do-it-yourself feature — creating bright, attractive animal toys or mascots with a minimum of cost and a maximum of fun. All in colour.

Page 11.



S.T.D. OR V.D. — it's still the silent killer

Euphemisms can scarcely take away the horror of sexually transmitted diseases **or give lie to the staggering statistics th** at prove how incredibly widespread it is, both in India and elsewhere in the world. An eye-opening report on venereal diseases.

Page 9.

ALSO

For him and her : Knit yourselves a colourful cardigan each — **Page 15** Profiles : Pravina Mehta, working towards Indian architecture — **Page 17** Ruby Pal Chowdhuri, successful dress designer — **Page 38** Sheila Sinha, entrepreneur battling bureaucracy — **Page 49** Film Interview : Bindiya, "My success is not a fluke" — **Page 43** "The Passionate Winter" : Part III of a new Mills and Boon serialisation — **Page 27** Paper Pattern Instructions — **Page 49.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, New Bulletin/**13**, Comics/**25**, Fashion/**28**, Cookery/**33**, True Confession/**45**, Women in Sport/**47**, Hiya Honey/**51**, Frankly Speaking/**51**, People & Events/**52**, World of Eve/**53**, Horoscope/**54**.

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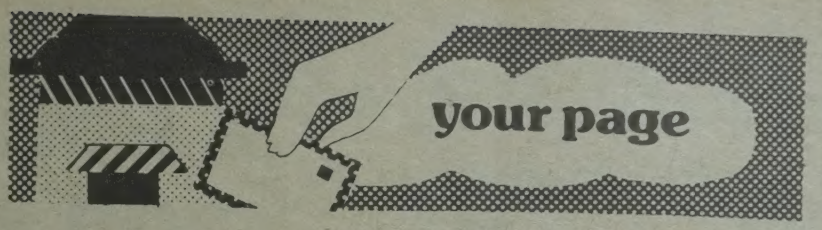


1st prize

NO MEDICINES, WE ARE INDIAN

The furore over the Prime Minister's statement, that urine is the water of life, has hardly died down, he now says that our people should be trained to do without medicines! Really, Mr. Prime Minister, isn't that something like gilding the lily or driving the nail farther into our coffins? As it is, we have people who rely on sanyasis and Godmen, and in ashes and dubious powders, or amulets and charms, as a panacea for their ills. Steps that are perhaps not far removed from naturopathy! What our men need is to be told not to steer clear of medicines, but to use them. There are cases of death where the bias is against using drugs or medicines, the fear of an injection tube or syringe, and the negligence to call a doctor till the eleventh hour, when it is perhaps a case of locking the door after the horse has bolted.

Naturopathy? Children of the soil that we are, at least those poor souls who live half clad under the heavens, weathering the heat and the cold, don't need naturopathy as much as they need medicines and care.

Hyma Bal, Tel' cherry

It is all very well to talk of naturopathy (it does have its plus points), but in a poor country like ours where the people have no means of obtaining good, nourishing food, fruits and fruit juices, or even clean, unpolluted air, we can only rely on medicines and after-care to pull them through their illness and disease.

2nd prize

THE PUNISHMENT

The great escape of Billa from prison enabled him to rape and murder an innocent life. Public execution, done as early as possible, should be the nearest to an appropriate punishment for such a heinous crime. But it is said that such a thing is not possible in a democracy. What good is such a political system which cannot impart examplary punishment for such massacres and prevent further ones?

Some time back a case on similar lines occurred. Ehrlich Coker, an American, had committed three rapes resulting in the killing of one of his victims. He was not given the death penalty and while he was serving his life sentence in Georgia prison, he made an escape. Soon after that he committed yet another major crime. This time he was sentenced to death but it was of no avail because the U.S. Supreme Court spared his life. It is doubtful, then whether a criminal like Billa will be finally hanged or not.

Ravi Sodhi, Chandigarh

The shock has been great, the sentiments overwhelming. Even the person on the street wants Billa's blood in return for those innocent lives. But, democratic norms have to be adhered to. We cannot make the irrevocable mistake of slipping into a punitive system that demands an eye for an eye, a limb for a limb.

3rd prize

GET AT THE EYES

The spate of deeply moving letters on the Chopra children murders (EW-Oct. 14) should be an eye-opener to many. If only the Bombay Police had not allowed Billa and Ranga to escape, if only they had publicised that a car-lifting, cold-blooded killer was at large (publishing details and his photograph after the murder was too late), the public would have been on guard everywhere.

All the letter-writers have missed one very significant protective against attacks. The eyes of even the strongest and most ruthless of men are most vulnerable. If only Sanjay had attacked the eyes of Billa even at the risk of his life, there would have been an accident in a second, thus saving the children and even capturing the killers. I would advise lonely girls and women in Bombay and Delhi or elsewhere to carry chilli powder in their bags and a small lead-pipe which could certainly cause momentary hazy vision or blindness or concussion, giving them precious moments for escape or helping a crowd to capture or injure the ruthless criminals. Of course, this needs tact, even timely cajoling and courage, too! Attacking eyes or blinding vision (even when there are two people) is an inexpensive, effective weapon in the hands of a courageous woman (even a male). Let people remember that eyes are the most vulnerable and most commonly ignored. Attack eyes first in all risky emergencies.

Kusum G. Diggavi, Ahmedabad

While this is useful information, it may not always be practical or easy, to pierce the eyes of your attacker. And what good is chilli powder in the bag, when you may not be able to get at the bag at all? It all boils down, once again, to the factor of sheer physical dominance. Women and children don't have a chance. . .

HOW DARE SHE BARE

I was rather surprised to read about the Poona women holding a 'morcha' just because Zeenat Aman did a little baring in Satyam. . . These same women, however, have no comments to offer about the women who pop their breasts out and feed their kids right in the middle of a crowd, be it in the trains or buses. I am also sure that they have no guts to voice their opinions when their daughters and their young-mod-in-with-it friends roam around bra-less in see-through clothes. Moreover, it just needs a trip into some of our Indian villages, especially in the South, to show these puritans that most of the women there do not wear blouses due to unbearable heat. Raj Kapoor has merely tried to portray the real Adivasi girl.

So, let's not be bitchy about it just because our men folk enjoyed those three hours of day dreaming, imagining what it would have been like to be in Shashi Kapoor's shoes!

Jyoti Lajmi, Bombay

Much ado has been made about Zeenat's "exposure" in SSS. Actually, much more has been bared in Indian films than should have been condoned. As for the baby at the breast pious males contend that is sublime, while Zeenat's 'dooh daahs' are positively vulgar!

WHERE'S DAD?

There is an old joke about a curious kid asking the mother: "Mom, the stork brings us into this world, Santa gives us our presents, and God, our food. What the hell is Dad hanging around for?" Not a joke any more, I feel. With sperm banks and conception in tubes, do we really need the dad more? What a breakthrough for Women Lib! Why can't a movement be started for nationalising the sperm banks, appointing only women in jobs and doing away once and for all with male chauvinist pigs? Please see if my suggestion can gather any moss.

T. Santhanam, Bombay

Your suggestion can gather only argument and anger. We may want to do away with "chauvinist pigs", but we do not want to do away with males. We feel fathers have a role to play in family relationships, sperm banks notwithstanding.

READER'S VOICE

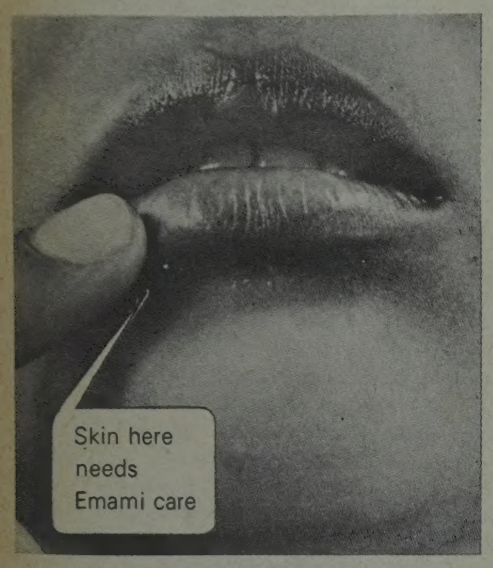
ASTROLOGY

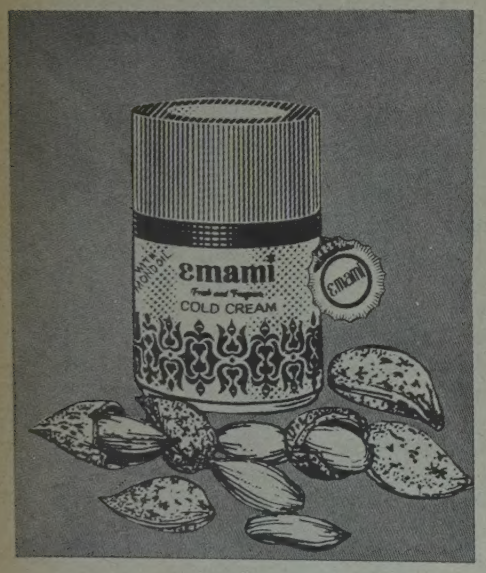
This is with reference to the letter from Vivek Soley, Indore, published under Readers' Voice in the November 4 issue of Eve's Weekly. Reading the letter, one gets the wrong impression that astrologers are interested in scanning the light actually emanating from the stars. Astrolegers are interested only in the positions of the planets relative to the earth. For example when we say that Jupiter is at some star in Leo, it only means that our line of sight —i.e. the line joining the earth to Jupiter just passes through that star. It is just a parallactic effect. Assuming that someone observes from Mars, his line of sight through Jupiter will not at all pass through that star — it will pass through some other star or point of the Zodiac. Now, all the planets belong to the solar family and are relatively close to one another compared to the stars, some of which are several thousands of light years away from us. (K. Satyanarayana, Hyderabad)

* * *

It is pathetic that educated and intelligent men and women have to go through the modern 'Swayamvara' (Nov 4) to find a marriage partner. Though the choice is made by the people concerned themselves, and not one hopes by their parents, wouldn't it be better if our society were to allow us to meet openly so that we could choose our partners under freer circumstances, instead of doing so at a public function? (S. Mehta, Bombay.)

from the Emami fold..... an extra special offering





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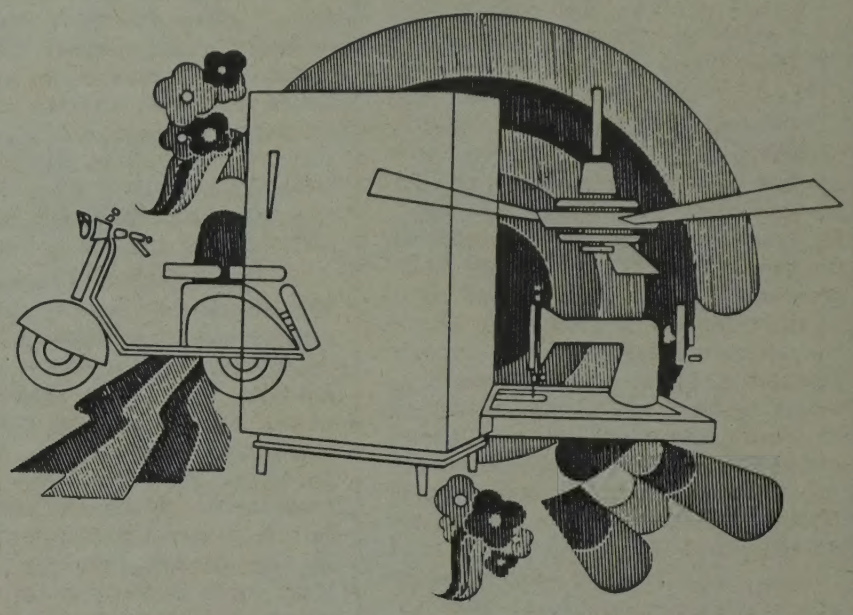

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V. D. —VENUS DAMNED!

Ashok Mahajan

In India every tenth person suffers from VD, it is claimed. Bombay already has the dubious distinction of being one of the ten most VD-affected cities in the world. Yet we have no effective programmes for VD control or sex education

He was 18. One morning he noticed a small, painless sore on his lip. He did not take it seriously and treated it with skin ointments and lotions for about a fortnight. Then he visited a hospital for a check-up. He was shocked when the doctor diagnosed the sore as a symptom of syphilis.

The young man was lucky that he got treatment in time. This is not always the case with venereal disease victims. According to Dr. Surinder Kaur of the Postgraduate Institute of Medical Education and Research, Chandigarh, "Nine out of ten VD victims still do not report to hospital. People suffer because of ignorance, shame, neglect and the remoteness of VD clinics."

There are 200 million VD-affected people in the world, according to a World Health Organisation survey conducted in 1973. In India too it has become a major problem. Some venerealogists claim that every tenth Indian suffers from VD. In 1972, the then Health Minister told Parliament that 20 million Indians were suffering from VD. However, these were only the reportd cases; no one has an idea of the actual extent of the disease. There has been no countrywide survey on VD so far.

In India, Andhra Pradesh has the highest incidence of VD. In 1970 about 450,000 cases were reported. West Bengal comes next, followed by Maharashtra.

Bombay has now become one of the ten most VD-affected cities in the world. A municipal survey some years ago revealed that 85 per cent of the women in the 'red light' areas of Bombay had VD. The only free VD clinic run by the municipality treats today about 45,000 cases every month against about 30,000 in 1969.

A recent study in Tamil Nadu among people in jails, beggar homes and rescue homes for young girls and children showed VD incidence of up to 60 per cent. According to the WHO, VD ranks third among the major diseases in India — next only to malaria and tuberculosis. The biggest group of VD patients in India falls in the 20-30 age group, followed by the 13-19 age group.

There are seven types of VD (or S.T.D. — sexually transmitted diseases) and all are dangerous. Syphilis is known as the killer disease. It can cause blindness, deafness, crippling disabilities, even death. Gonorrhoea is more prevalent than syphilis and causes ill health and sterility in both sexes.

HOW ONE BECOMES A VICTIM

VD is transmitted by sexual contact with an infected person. The symptoms being dormant in the initial stages, many victims remain unaware of their role in the spread of the disease.

In the past, the prostitute was a major factor in the spread of VD. Before the second world war, American sociologist Kinsey estimated that 75 per cent of the VD cases could be traced to prostitutes and that nine out of ten prostitutes had contracted VD at least once during their career. He also found that most clients of prostitutes were older, usually married, men.

Today, while prostitutes do constitute a major channel of communicating VD, it is admitted that the sources of infection are many, e.g., homosexuality and promiscuity. Now VD carriers are not situated in fixed localities (such as 'red light' areas), but have spread all over the cities as call girls, good-time girls and women of easy virtue. Many of these young women come from respectable families. Therefore, it is difficult to locate and treat them for VD. Also, an 'amateur' is preferred by men to the professional prostitute in the belief that every professional is a reservoir of venereal infection and the amateur is free from it.

But this is a wrong notion. Facts have proved otherwise. In the Scandinavian countries, where prostitution is on the way out, the incidence of VD is high. A study conducted in India recently reveals that professionals are the cause of VD in only one-third of the patients.

CHANGE IN VALUES AND BEHAVIOUR

Urbanisation, industrialisation, migrations of populations, tourism, poverty, etc., have led to a liberalisation of sex mores, resulting in the rapid spread of VD. With the weakening bonds of community living and the development of individualism, the institution of marriage has come under severe attack. People openly say that life-long sexual fidelity is not natural. They believe that the single transgression cannot be regarded as disloyalty; it is merely the satisfaction of an urge.

Cinema, pornography and, above all, easy access to contraceptives have made the younger generation more promiscuous. Medical authorities warn that teenagers run more risk from VD because they are sexually active and are often late in seeking medical advice. The restraining forces of social and family control are also weakening.

A social scientist, in a study of Delhi University girls, found that more and more girls were accepting petting and kissing as parfectly normal. Girls are beginning to consider virginity as anachronistic. Observes Dr. Promila Kapur, a noted sociologist, "There is found to be an increasing tendency, though still slow and weak, to abolish the stress on virginity before marriage and there is a trend in favour of premarital sex and permissiveness".

Single motherhood is another new phenomenon. It is being accepted socially all over the world. In India too the number of premarital pregnancies is rising, not only among the illiterate and poor but also among the educated and affluent. The Sion Hospital, Bombay, records an average of 400 medical terminations of pregnancy (MTPs) every year, one-third of them performed on unmarried girls. The KEM hospital lists 3,600 MTPs, one-sixth of the cases involving unmarried girls.

HOW TO CHECK

In spite of criticism by the older generation, the sexual freedom now enjoyed by the younger generation cannot be withdrawn. Therefore, steps should be taken to provide sex education to young people at the right time, and medical facilities should be provided on a larger scale to check the further spread of VD.

In India no organised sex education programme has emerged so far. In schools and colleges, there is no provision for lectures on the subject. Unfortunately, most teachers feel that sex education is not their headache; it is the responsibility of parents.

The principal of a post-graduate college says, "We have never received instructions from the university about imparting sex education to students." The principal of a Central school said much the same thing. A headmaster, still bound by tradition, feels awkward when his students ask any question about sex. "To reply to them is quite embarrassing. To talk about sex to youngsters requires special skill," he admits. A university lecturer, however, believes that "They (students) know everything. There is nothing more they need to be told."

But what the youngsters know about sex is not sufficient. Their knowledge about it is vague — "much of it is distorted or misleading," says a VD expert.

If we want to check VD among teenagers, our schools must seriously take up sex education as part of their curriculum. Teenagers must be told about the man-woman relationship, consequences of pre-martial sex, reproduction and VD.

In spite of the fact that the incidence of VD has been going up by 8-10 per cent every year, medical authorities maintain that effective steps are not being taken to control it. The budget allocations for VD control were reduced from about Rs. 65 lakhs in the Fourth Five-year Plan to Rs. 23 lakhs in the Fifth Plan. The VD control programme, started in 1949 under the Central government, receives the lowest priority at the State level. "Unless the States take it up as part of their health programme," says an expert, "VD cannot be controlled."

Even good hospitals do not have separate VD departments. They lack efficient and specialised laboratory services required for the treatment of VD.

The general practitioner too does not know much about VD and often fails to diagnose the disease, because the number of lectures on VD in the MBBS course is limited. In a year only 10-12 days are allotted to the study of VD. "The doctors are not interested in VD, because VD practice lacks social prestige," says Dr. D. K. Chandak of the Health Department of the Chandigarh Administration.

Most of the so-called 'sex specialists' who advertise their miraculous claims in newspaper columns are untrained and unqualified. They misguide the VD patient, exploit him and often multiply his worries. High doses of penicillin and indiscriminate use of drugs without any scientific tests result in allergic reactions and other medical disorders in many cases.

Experts say that at least 6,000 VD clinics are required in India. At present there are only 307 clinics and two training centres. It is time that teachers, parents, doctors, social workers and the government devoted their attention to the subject with all seriousness and acted for VD control in a more planned and effective manner.

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MATERIALS REQUIRED :

Any striped or plain material from your scrap bag, felt pieces in different colours, green wool for the pompom, stranded thread in different colours and for making a loop to hang the cat, cottonwool for stuffing, tinsels, crochet hook and an adhesive.

INSTRUCTIONS :

Crochet a chain 24 cms. long to be used for hanging the cat. Cut 2 pieces of the body shape from the striped material. Machine these together leaving a small opening at the top of the head. Turn inside out and stuff cottonwool, shaping it well. To complete the basic form, insert the crochet chain in the opening and fix in place with a few stitches. Sew up the opening.

Cut out the eyes, nose, mouth and paws from the felt pieces as indicated and fix them in their respective position with the adhesive.

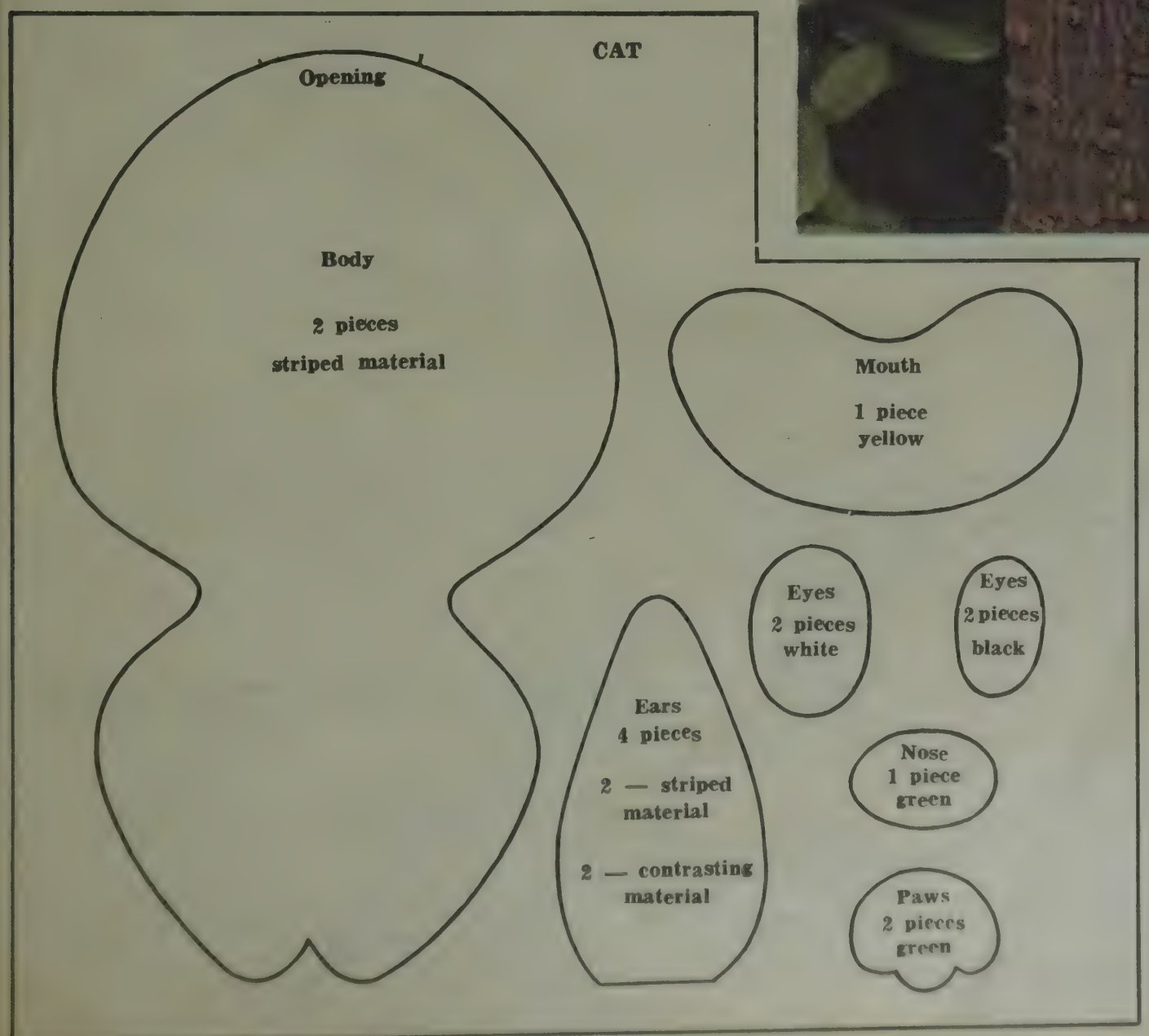
For the ears, cut out 2 shapes from the striped material and 2 from any contrasting material. Machine them and turn inside out. Stitch the ears in place.

Using a single strand of thread in the needle embroider the whiskers in black and mouth in red. Stick tinsels on the eyes. With the adhesive, fix the pompom in place instead of the tail.

Using a little imagination, you can make any animal you fancy from the basic form by changing the shape of the ears and facial features. You can also make a dog and a teddy bear as shown in the picture.

Perviz Daruvala

Photograph : Farokh Reporter



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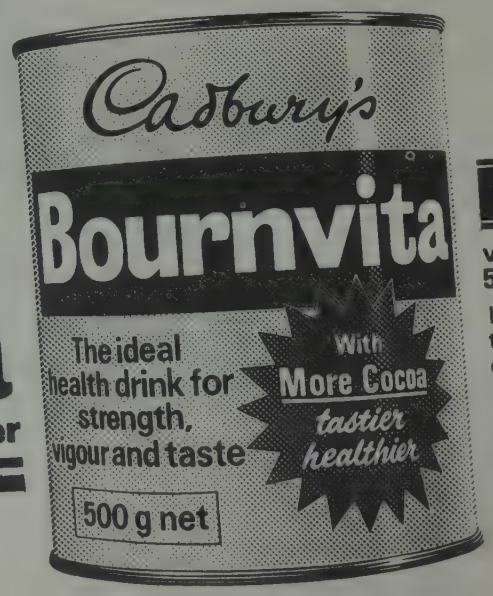

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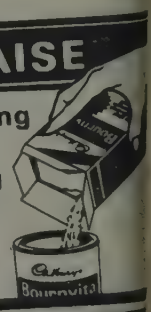

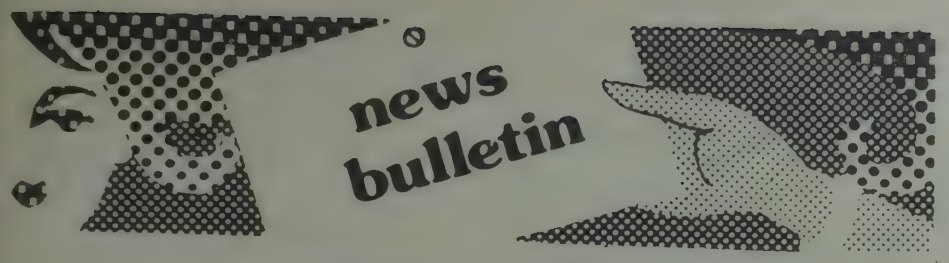

FOR WOMEN, ABOUT WOMEN

The greed for more dowry has landed Balbir Singh of Sonti village in Kurukshetra district, in jail. He was sentenced to life imprisonment and fined Rs. 700 on the charge of murdering his wife, Mohinder Kaur. According to the prosecution, Mohinder Kaur had made a dying statement that the mother of the accused, Nasibo, sprinkled kerosene on her and the father, Jaspal Singh, caught her legs and arms, while Balbir set her clothes on fire.

The Times of India, October 8.

BRUSSELS: An Italian trade unionist became the first woman to head an institution of the European Economic Community. Mrs. Fabrizia Baudel Glorioso was elected head of the EEC's economic and social committee, an EEC statement said. Mrs. Glorioso has been directing the international department of the Italian Confederation of Workers' Trade Unions since 1965 and has been on the economic and social committee since 1970.

The Times of India, October 20.

AHMEDABAD: The noted dancer Mrinalini Sarabhai will lead the first Indian cultural delegation to China in 25 years. Besides her own famous Darpana academy of the performing arts, which specialises in Bharat Natyam, two other institutions, Kadamba of Ahmedabad and Kerala Kalamandal, will contribute Kathak and Kathakali items respectively. Mrinalini herself will participate in the main item, "Ahimsa", a dance based on the theme of King Ashoka's conversion to ahimsa after the Kalinga war.

Hindustan Times, October 22.

BOMBAY: Miss Rajani Bandhe, a 16-year-old student of the Dongri municipal secondary school, won the first prize in an elocution competition organised by the Nehru Science Centre.

Sixteen students participated in the competition on "Solar energy and its utilisation", sponsored by the Centre in collaboration with the education department of the Bombay Municipal Corporation and the Marathi Vigyan Parishad. The panel of judges comprised Mr. R. Shroff, vice-president of the Parishad, Mr. Bhagwat, a Parishad member, and Mr. R. V. Paranjpe, a scientist at the Bhabha Atomic Research Centre.

The Times of India, October 22.

HYDERABAD: Ten women of Melladupallapalli village in Nalgonda district of Andhra Pradesh, who developed a rare psychological illness, were admitted to the headquarters hospital, Nalgonda, for treatment. Dr. P. R. Reddy, professor of Psychiatry and superintendent of the mental hospital, said. He told pressmen that the women were having spells of excitement lasting for a few minutes to an hour. During these spells, they would give the names of three rich men of the villages, who, according to them, were commanding them to climb walls, trees, etc. Dr. Reddy said the women and their families believed that the three rich men were practising witchcraft on them "to keep them under their control."

The Times of India, October 24.

NEW DELHI: Television has more influence on women than on men. According to Dr. Binod C. Agarwal of the Space Application Centre, Ahmedabad, a survey conducted in six states revealed that "young and poor females gained more from TV exposure than others. . . Gains among female frequent and occasional viewers in health, nutrition, family planning and overall modernity was higher than male frequent and occasional TV viewers," said Dr. Agarwal, leader of a team of ten anthropologists who conducted the survey in Andhra Pradesh, Karnataka, Bihar, Madhya Pradesh, Orissa and Rajasthan.

Free Press Journal, October 27.

CHIKMAGALUR: The Defence Minister, Mr. Jagjivan Ram, said he was considering women's demand that they should also be taken into the army. Addressing a public meeting here, he said India would have generals as it now had women ambassadors, governors and ministers. "We will have so many Jhansi ki Ranis," he added.

The Times of India, October 29.

LONDON: Men should be protected against "lustful, over-sexed, physically strong women," Mr. John Lee, Labour MP from Birmingham, said. He has written to Mr. Rees, Home Secretary, urging him to consider amending the law so that women may be charged with rape. Mr. Lee said: "There is no doubt that a women can rape a male, particularly a youngster, and there have been many instances where this has happened and the law cannot be invoked."

He is also asking the Home Secretary to amend the law so that in cases like the recent one, where a doctor was acquitted of raping a patient, the name of the complainant can be published.

Hindustan Times, October 30.

NEW DELHI: A tiny, inexpensive contraceptive pellet, claimed to prevent pregnancy for two or three years, will be put to clinical test next year, a New-York based Indian doctor who has done research in that field, said. "Trials on rats, rabbits and rhesus monkeys have yielded encouraging results," Dr. Gopi Nath Gupta said. "We now plan to apply for government permission to try it on humans."

The pellet is about the size of a grain of rice and is made by fusing a widely-used oral contraceptive hormone called D-Norgestrel with minute amounts of pure cholesterol, a natural component of human fatty tissue. Implanted under the skin, it slowly releases contraceptive steroids into the blood and builds a constant immunity from pregnancy.

The Times of India, November 5.

Women who use oral contraceptives and take large quantities of coffee and tea face the problem of high blood pressure, according to two Indian scientists working at Howard University Medical Centre in Washington. The two doctors, who are in India to participate in the International Congress on Hormonal Steroids, said they had directed their research efforts to find the correlation between the use of oral contraceptive steroids and their adverse side effects like hypertension or high blood pressure.

Free Press Journal, November 5.

CHIKMAGALUR: Mrs. Indira Gandhi has won the Chikmagalur by-election and with it, legal entry into Parliament. Whatever be the other implications of her victory, betterment of the condition of women in India don't seem to be indicated, although many of the women of that constituency reportedly voted for her because she is a woman. The hectic electioneering in Chikmagalur claimed the life of a 19-year-old girl, Gayatri. Annoyed by the Janata workers, demand to search a Congress (I) van, the police, as is their habit, opened fire rather indiscriminately, according to several eye-witness reports. In this, many journalists were injured, and a 19-year-old bystander, Gayatri, was killed by a bullet.

Another very active participant in the electioneering, the late Snehalata Reddy's daughter, Nandana, who has been following Mrs. Gandhi in a silent demonstration, with a placard asking 'who killed my mother?' was beaten up by the police and had to be hospitalised.

An "eternal flame", was lit in memory of Gayatri by her mother, to be kept in front of the Vidhana Soudha at Bangalore till the government conceded the demands of her fellow students, led by Nandana. The demands were, judicial enquiry into the firing and suspension of the police officers involved.

However, Nandana and three companions were arrested when they tried to put up a tent in front of the Vidhana Soudha, and the "Gayatri Jyoti" seized by the police. And Mrs. Gandhi's response to all this has been to deny that Snehalata Reddy died because of ill-treatment in jail during the Emergency, and further, to deny that police opened fire at Ujire.

PATNA: Mrs. Kamaljit Kaur, daughter-in-law of the defence minister, Mr. Jagjivan Ram, yesterday announced her decision to "devote the rest of my life to social work."

After a meeting with Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan earlier, Mrs. Kaur told newsmen that she had got the blessing of Mr. Narayan for undertaking social work. She said she would concentrate her activities in Bihar.

She said she had joined the Janata Party two months ago. She would work for the success of the proposed kisan rally in Delhi. When asked if she had joined the Party to strengthen the forces opposed to the defence minister, she said, "No."

Mrs. Kaur parried all questions relating to her relationship with Mr. Suresh Kumar. She only said that she was his legal wife and used to live in Mr. Ram's house till August 18 last — a few days before the Suresh-Sushma episode.

The Times of India, November 7.

Compiled by Gouri Salvi

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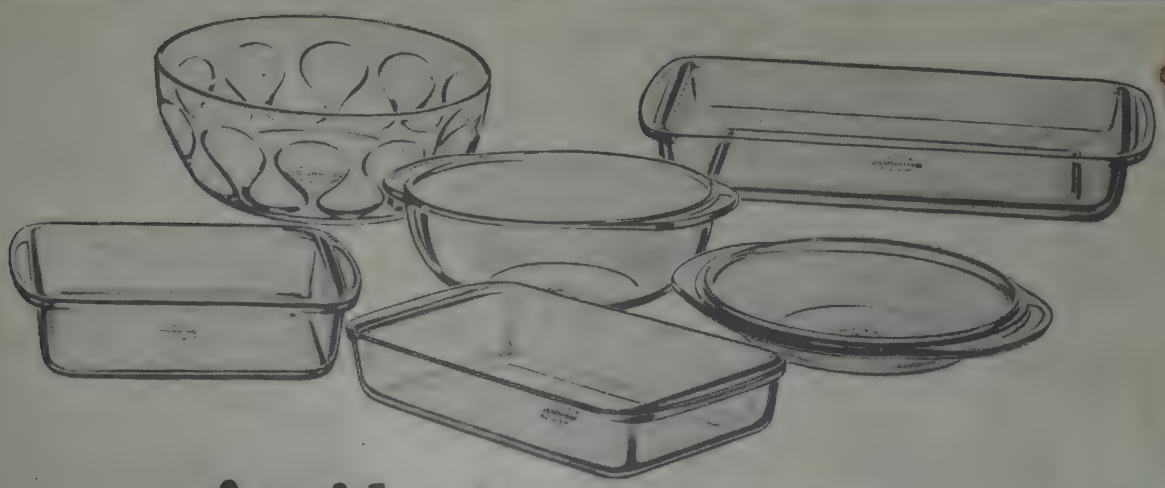


A pride of a possession, a jewel of a gift, to give or receive.

TWO TOGETHER

Fairisle patterned knits for her, for him

HER FAIRISLE PULLOVER

Materials: Knitting yarn Modella, Cashmilon 4 ply: 8 balls White 101 and 1 ball Blue 129.

Amarpali: I ball each Yellow 713 and Green 733 (25 grams each). A pair of knitting needles no. 10 and no. 11. Crochet hook no. 13 and a zip fastener 10 cms. in length.

Measurements: Length 54 cms., chest 81.5 cms., sleeve seam 41 cms.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 9½ rows to 2.5 cms. measured over st.st. on no. 10 needles.

Abbreviations: k. = knit; p. = purl; sts. = stitches; st.st. = stocking stitch; rep. = repeat; dec. = decrease; inc. = increase; sl. = slip; p.s.s.o. = pass the slip stitch over; tog. = together; dc. = double crochet; beg. = beginning; alt. = alternate.

Back:

With Blue yarn and no. 11 needles cast on 116 sts. and work 14 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Dec. 1 st. at the end of last row (115 sts.).

Change to no. 10 needles and White yarn.

Now work in st.st. till work measures 35 cms.

Shape Raglan: Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows.

Next row: K. 2, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. to last 4 sts., k. 2 tog, k. 2.

Next row: K. 2, p. to last 2 sts., k. 2.

Rep. last 2 rows till 71 sts. remain, end with a p. row.

Divide for back opening: K. 2, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k 31, turn leave remaining sts. on a spare needle.

Keeping centre back edge straight, dec. at armhole edge as before, continue till 16 sts. remain, end with a p. row, leave sts. on a safety pin.

Join yarn to sts. left on a spare needle.

K. 2 tog. and work to complete this side to match first side, reversing shapings.

Front:

With Blue yarn and no. 11 needles cast on 116 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib to match back. Dec. 1 st. at the end of last row (115 sts.).

Change to no. 10 needles and White yarn.

Next row: Knit.

Next row: Purl.

Now join coloured yarns and work the fairisle pattern from the given graph on 113 sts. (working 1 st. in White at each end). K. all right side rows. Rep. pattern from A to B at end work from A to C.

P. all wrong side rows working once from C to A and then rep. from B to A till end of row. Work 1 to 14 rows of pattern and then 3rd to 14th rows once. Fasten off coloured yarns.

Continue in White yarn and st.st. till front matches back till armholes.

Shape raglan as for back and continue till 55 sts. remain ending with a p. row.

Shape Neck: (With right side of work facing) k. 2, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o. k. 17 turn, leave remaining sts. on a spare needle.

Continue to dec. at raglan edge as before and dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next 7 rows, then keep neck edge straight and dec. at armhole edge, till 3 sts. remain, p. 3 tog.

Slip 13 sts. at centre of neck on a safety pin join yarn to remaining sts. and work the other side to match first side, reversing shapings.

Sleeves:

With Blue yarn and no. 11 needles cast on 54 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 8 cms. inc. 1 st. at the end (55 sts.).

Change to no. 10 needles and White yarn and continue in st.st. inc. 1 st. at each end of 5th and every following 6th row till there are 91 sts. Continue straight till sleeve measures 41 cms.

Shape raglan as for back and continue till 9 sts. remain, leave these sts. on a spare needle.

To Make Up:

Join raglan sleeves to back and front and join side and sleeve seams.

Collar:

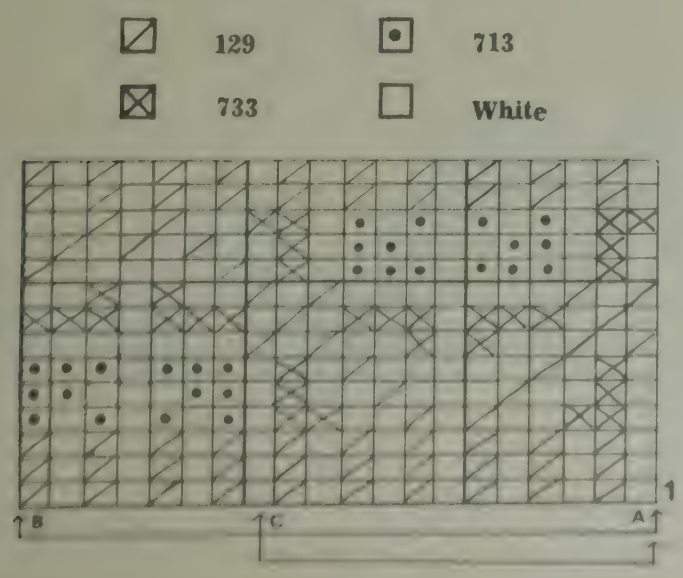
With right side of work facing and using no. 10 needles and White yarn k. across 16 sts. of left back, 9 sts. of left sleeve, pick and k. 26 sts. along left side of front neck. k. across 13 sts. left for centre of front neck, pick and k. 26 sts. up right side of front neck, 9 sts. of right sleeve and 16 sts. of right side of back neck (115 sts.). Work 7 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib, work 4 rows in st st. (so that when the collar is folded onto the right side of top, the k. rows fall on the right side).

Then work the fairisle pattern from the graph commencing from 14th row and working down to first row fasten off coloured yarns. With White yarn work next 2 rows in st.st., cast off.

With Blue yarn and crochet hook work 2 rows of dc. along the edge of the collar, fasten off.

Turn collar to right side and stitch in position working few invisible sts. inside the Blue edge.

Attach zip to back opening.



HIS FAIRISLE JACKET

Materials: Knitting yarn Modella, Cashmilon 4 ply: 10 balls White 101 and 2 balls Blue 129.

Amarpali: 1 ball each Green 733 and Yellow 713 (25 grams each). A pair of knitting needles no. 10 and no. 11. Zip fastener 40 cms. in length.

Measurements: Length 57 cms. chest 91.4 cms., sleeve seam 45 cms.

Tension 7½ sts. and 9½ rows to 2.5 cms. measured over st.st on no. 10 needles.

Abbreviations: k. = knit; p = purl; sts. = stitches; beg = beginning; p.s.s.o. = pass the slip stitch over; st.st. = stocking stitch; alt. = alternate; rep = repeat; tog. = together; [illegible]

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

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PRAVINA MEHTA:

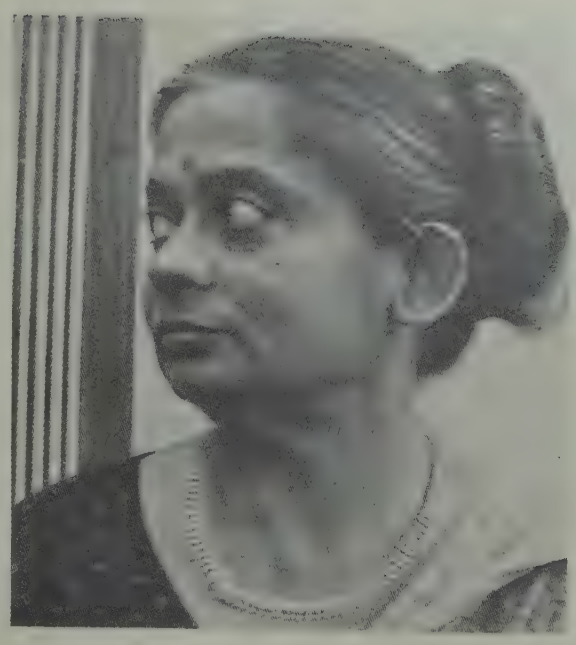
TOWARDS INDIAN ARCHITECTURE

Architect Pravina Mehta has interests as wide as they are varied from politics, for which she was jailed in 1942, to aesthetics, traditional dance forms and Indian art.

Pravina Mehta has been in the profession for the last 20 years. When quite young she was greatly influenced by a family friend, an architect, and this, coupled with her love for the visual arts and mathematics, made her choose architecture as a profession. Though dedicated to her career, Pravina still finds time to attend to her home and family friends.

In a male-dominated profession like architecture, one expects a woman to come up against prejudices, but Pravina has never been personally affected. She says that when a woman is truly committed to her career, when there is an inner compulsion, then she ceases to regard herself as a woman and becomes a professional.

Pravina Mehta obtained her bachelor's degree in Architecture from the Illinois Institute of Design and having passed the Ph. D. preliminary examination was awarded the master's degree in Planning from the University of Chicago, after which she worked for two years for Pierre Ghent and Associates in Washington. She has designed high-rise apartments, factories and canteens. The First



New Bombay Plan published by Mr. Charles Correa, Mrs. Mehta and Mr. Shirish Patel was adopted by the Maharashtra Government in 1971.

Pravina Mehta strongly feels that there should be a "common concern for today" among the professional planners: "A society which is committed to egalitarian values and to social justice should not allow gross inequalities to emerge in the housing facilities for the different sections of the population." She is the first to admit that these inequalities do exist and that we should structure things to reduce this disparity. She has made mention of these problems in the various lectures she been asked to deliver and also in papers she has presented from time to time. One such paper, "Urban Design Systems in Relation to Economic Factors", was sponsored by the I.C.S.S.R.

There is much that can be done to improve Bombay, but this can only be achieved, stresses Pravina, when there is co-ordination between city planners, the public and the social scientist. Architects should interact closely with the social scientists where location of housing for lower-income groups is concerned. In an environment where a certain amount of resentment exists due to growing disparities, the location and distribution of housing becomes an important factor in urban planning.

In a city like Bombay, where diverse cultures co-exist, housing, sanitation, water supply and other facilities are not the only problems one has to face. There are social and psychological issues as well. The problem created by diversity should not be solved by destroying it, but by giving wide scope for the varied lifestyles our culture is capable of yielding. Pravina Mehta heads a research unit which works around the above ideas.

Pravina Mehta's main preoccupation concerns how the lost connection between architecture and the other arts might be re-established. Some of the greatest architecture in Europe is the result of the interaction between architecture, painting and the other arts. She feels that we should seek inspiration from our own rich heritage instead of blindly aping the West. The rhythms that one finds in our traditional dance forms can be translated into the language of concrete and mortar.

Pravina has always been deeply interested in India's cultural heritage and is writing a book on the comparison between the Indian and the Western dance rhythms, between the West's linear system in music which, though more efficient, leaves no room for diversity, and our systems, which she describes as 'kaleidoscopic'.

TWO TOGETHER

crease; dec. = decrease: sl. = slip.

BACK

With White yarn and no. 11 needles cast on 132 sts. and work 14 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Change to no. 10 needles and st.st. and continue till work measures 34 cms.

Shape Raglan: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next row: K. 2, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. to last 4 sts., k to tog, k. 2.

Next row: K. 2, p. to last 2 sts. k. 2.

Rep. last 2 rows till 40 sts. remain. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Pocket lining: With White yarn and no. 10 needles cast on 30 sts. and work 30 rows in st.st. leave these sts. on a spare needle.

Similarly work one more piece.

With White yarn and no. 11 needles cast on 68 sts. and work 14 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Change to no. 10 needles and st.st.

Work next 2 rows in st.st.

Then join coloured yarns and follow the fairisle pattern from the given graph. Rep. 20 st. pattern 3 times, k. the remaining 8 sts. at the end of a k. row.

For all wrong side rows p. 8, then work 20 st. pattern from graph three times. Continue as above and work the 14 rows of fairisle pattern once, then work 3rd to 14th rows once. fasten off coloured yarns.

Next row: (Join pocket lining.)

With right side of work facing, k. 15 sts., slip next 30 sts. on to a spare needle, k. 30 sts. of pocket lining on the first needle and then k. across 23 remaining sts.

Continue in st.st. till front measures same as back, till armhole, end at armhole edge.

Shape Raglan

1st row: Cast off 6 sts., work to end.

2nd row: P. to end.

3rd row: K. 2, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. to end.

4th row: P. to end.

Rep. 3rd and 4th rows till 50 sts. remain, end at armhole edge.

Shape Neck: Continue to dec. at raglan edge as before and at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next and every following alt. rows till 34 sts. remain, then dec. 1 st. in every following 3rd row for 11 times.

Keep neck edge straight and dec. 1 st. at armhole edge only, as before, till 3 sts. remain. P. 3 tog., fasten off.

Right Front:

Work to match left front, reversing shapings.

(K. 8 sts. in White at the beg. of all k. rows and P. 8 sts. in White at the end of all p. rows while working the fairisle pattern).

Sleeves:

With White yarn and no. 11 needles cast on 60 sts. and work 30 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Change to no. 10 needles.

1st row: K. 2, * inc. 1 st. in next st., k. 4, rep. from * to last 3 sts. inc. 1 st. in next st., k. 1, i.e. 1 st. in last st. (73 sts.).

2nd row: Purl.

Commence fairisle pattern in next row and working from the given graph complete 26 rows to match her pullover. On completion fasten off coloured yarns and continue in st.st. in White inc. 1 st. at each end of 5th and every following 6th row till there are 90 sts. on the needle, then inc. 1 st. in every 8th row till there are 104 sts. on the needle, continue straight till sleeve measures 45 cms. in length.

Shape raglan as for back till 12 sts. remain. Cast off.

Front Borders:

With White yarn and no. 10 needles cast on 420 sts. and work 3 rows k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Next row: Purl.

Then work fairisle pattern (of 20 sts.) rep. to end of row. On completion of 14 rows k. 1 row, p. 1 row, cast off.

Pocket Bands: Work across 30 sts., left on a spare needle at top of pocket.

Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 10 rows, cast off in rib. Stitch shorter ends of pocket band in position. Similarly work a band over the other pocket.

To Make up:

Join raglan sleeves to back and front. Join side and sleeve seams.

Sew pocket linings in position on wrong side, sew zip fastener to secure front opening. Sew cast off edge of front borders to front and neck edges. Fold collar to right side of work and stitch in position with invisible st[illegible]

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youth page

AFRICAN STUDENTS: facing ignorance and apathy

Students form the largest group among the Africans residing in Bombay. Besides financial problems because of inadequate governmental help, they face social problems too. Living in an alien culture, which is also very colour conscious, they feel like exotic curiosities

Susan

Africa and Africans pose a problem to many Indians. Our school elementary geography has taught us of Africa's extensive grasslands, the variety and abundance of wildlife, etc. But our knowledge of its people is very limited. Many of us still believe that this continent is peopled by savages. There is not enough literature available on Africa and Africans for Indians to be better informed.

This lack of information, an African student has to face in India. I speak of African students in particular because they form the largest African group residing in Bombay. I have excluded African nationals of Asian origin because for them, India is not an alien land.

Of the 1,000-odd foreign students in Bombay, 60 to 70 are African. Most of them are from East African countries (Kenya, Uganda, Tanzania) and Nigeria. Of the African students scattered over India, Pune has the largest number, followed by Bombay.

These students can be grouped into two categories: those studying on scholarship and those who are self-supporting. There are three scholarships offered by the Indian Government — the General Cultural Scholarship Scheme, SCAAP (Special Commonwealth African Assistantship Plan) and the Commonwealth Scholarship Scheme. All applications and transactions are at governmental levels. A scholarship student's tuition, college and exam. fees are waived. An undergraduate gets an allowance of Rs. 400 every month and a post-graduate Rs. 500-600. There is also an annual book allowance, a clothing allowance (once, for the whole extent of his stay), as well as holiday allowances.

The I.C.C.R. (Indian Council for Cultural Relations) is informed in advance of the arrival of a scholarship student. The Council makes arrangements to receive him at the airport, provides accommodation and assists him financially for the first few months.

Are the students then satisfied with the scholarship schemes? And if not, are they justified in their complaints and demands?

All the African students I interviewed feel strongly that their allowance is not sufficient for their maintenance. One student said he had been six years in India and hadn't managed to buy an Indian shirt. Some married students said that before their arrival in India they had been very concerned that their scholarship did not have any stipulation whereby they could bring over their spouses. Afterwards, their sole concern was how to keep themselves going.

It is the first two years of his stay in India that a scholarship student often finds the most trying. I do not mean for social adjustment; I shall come to that presently. Usually, a scholarship student starts receiving his monthly allowance six months after his arrival; and the I.C.C.R. can finance him only for the first few months. How is the student expected to survive?

ABOVE: The Indian Council for Cultural Relations is responsible for the welfare of foreign students. It finds accommodation for them and organizes tours and orientation programmes, but the financial help it can offer is very limited.

LEFT: For girls the biggest problem is accommodation. The university and most other colleges do not have girls' hostels and these girls have to live in the more expensive privately-run hostels.

Another major complaint is that all the scholarship (under-graduate) students seem to be classified by the authorities rather vaguely, in one category. For instance, a B.A. student, an M.B.B.S. student and an Architecture student are all allotted the same book allowance. This certainly is not fair. Students from the specialized courses say this allowance amounts to nothing, since expensive books published abroad have to be bought. Students who join courses that involve the writing of a thesis or the carry-

AFRICAN STUDENTS : FACING IGNORANCE AND APATHY

ing out of a project find themselves in great difficulties. The extra funds they need are rarely made available.

It may be, I explained to them, that the government is unable rather than unwilling to help; look at how badly we are doing educating our own people. Those who understood this, suggested that the government should limit the number of scholarships offered, so that a few can get more instead of many getting too little. Others felt that the government should stop offering scholarships at all.

Rhodesian Leonard Mashayamombe, an M.B.B.S. student at the Nair hospital and in India for nine years, had a different view. He said he could not blame the Indian government because (1) he would be forever grateful for the opportunity to launch his career, which would have been impossible in his home country and (2) he saw no reason to complain when the average man on the street was worse off than he.

In the face of serious personal problems, not all students agree with Leonard's views. They say for them India was not the only horizon, that they feel more cheated than grateful.

Besides these, an African student faces social problems too. Obviously, a person already beset with financial worries is bound to see the society in which he has been so unwillingly placed, not too kindly. Some of these students have managed to overcome their financial difficulties by seeking assistanc from their own government. For instance, the Kenyan government allows an annual subsidy of Rs. 2,200 for a Kenyan student on an Indian scholarship. However, this is not always possible: a student may come from a country that has no embassy in New Delhi (e.g. Sierra Leone). Nearly all the Rhodesian students (India has no diplomatic ties with Rhodesia) are in India on the Special Commonwealth Scholarship scheme that is based in London. They get a minimum of Rs. 1,500 p.m.

An African is, unlike the European, a relatively new phenomenon on our scene. Thus, he is subjected to more open curiosity and sometimes even hostility. One student told me that after coming to India he has become more colour conscious.

The African students' reactions to India have been varied. Obviously, financial stability is an important factor. But they tend to moderate their views the longer they stay in India. Some, however, fit straight away into our society. Take, for insance, Christine Aurdo, a Kenyan student doing her 2nd year B.A. in Economics at Wilson College. She has been in India for two years and is being supported by her family. She had no difficulty in settling down or in making friends, she says. "Life here seems very secure," she feels. Nebiot Mukono from Rhodesia has been in India for three years (studying at Wilson), and has adjusted well to the Indian society. He is popular with his fellow Indian students. This year he was elected chairman of the African Students' Association. Nebiot is in India on the Special Commonwealth Scholarship scheme.

What are the main obstacles faced by Africans in a complex society like ours? Many of these students feel that an African can never be accepted in Indian society; the barriers are too numerous. The major obstacle is the ignorance of Indians about Africa. John Aruna (Sierra Leone) and Zafwerki (Ethiopia) were both strongly critical of this. Even the so-called educated, they say, know very little of Africa.

The toughest task these students face is in understanding and accepting Indian attitudes and approaches. Certain established norms, accepted by the Indian student, can never be understood by the African student. The most obvious is the boy-girl relationship. They find it amazing that at even the college level there are many restrictions against a normal boy-girl relationship, often self-imposed. As Nebiot observed, the situation is very unhealthy for both the sexes and there should be more mixing.

Barnie Kirwisa (Uganda) pointed out that in India a lecturer is considered omnipotent and is almost unapproachable; his statements cannot be questioned. Barnie, who has just completed his B. Pharm., feels that such an atmosphere is not conducive to healthy discussions, and the classes tend to be most unstimulating.

The extent of cheating during examinations, in the Indian universities and for professional courses, is another aspect of education that daunts most of these students. They are amazed at the extent an Indian student will go to even to pass a simple exam. More shocking, the authorities themselves often encourage such dishonesty.

Most of these students are also amazed at the extent of colour consciousness among Indians.

George Ogonji (Kenya) doing his final year Dentistry at the Nair Hospital has been in India for four years and has seen and understood many of the problems facing Indian society. He too feels it would be difficult for an African to be accepted in Indian society.

Lastly, consider the case of an African girl studying in India. Her biggest problem is accommodation. For a girl from a college like Wilson where there is a hostel for girls, such a problem does not arise. But take the case of Zafwerki, the Ethiopian girl I mentioned earlier. She is presently staying at the Government Hostel at Marine Drive (this is her third 'home' in a year). There are no convenient hostels near the campus. The University and most other colleges have hostels for men, but none for girls. Paradoxical that a society that emphasises the extreme vulnerability of the female sex should neglect its girl students so! Cannot the government have a hostel for foreign girls? After all it did think of an International Students' Hostel (I.S.H.) for men.

The only alternative for such girls is to join privately-run hostels that are more expensive, situated in perhaps inconvenient localities and where they are not afforded the kind of privacy they are used to. The girls have also complained of the strict hostel rules. They brush off the explanation that most Indian girls come from secluded backgrounds. On the contrary, they feel that the girls are liable to do more harm if treated so childishly.

These are not all the problems African students in Bombay face; I have picked out only those I felt were typical. A culture so diverse and a society so complex as ours should certainly have enough to offer any foreign student, personally as well as politically and culturally. As George Ogonji put it, India is a place where you learn more than just from your text-books; you learn a lot about the world.

When the government alienates African students with its negligence and incompetence (mainly in its handling of scholarship students) it is not being just inconsiderate; it is also being very short-sighted.

These students will return to their countries as future leaders, planners and guides of their societies. With lingering memories of their youth in India, how will they then react to India and Indians?

ROLE OF I.C.C.R.

The Indian Council of Cultural Relations is the sole body that can cater to the needs of foreign students directly. The Council, financed by the Ministry of External Affairs, operates zonally. For instance, Maharashtra, Gujarat and Goa fall in the Western Region, with headquarters in Bombay. This kind of representation is thus inadequate, with an entire region looked after by one office in Bombay.

Th I.C.C.R.'s responsibilities include receiving the foreign student at the airport, assisting him as much as possible during his first two or three months, especially in finding accommodation as well as admission in college, and introducing him to India through planned tours, orientation programmes, etc. It holds 8-10 functions every year to celebrate all the national and international holidays. It offers rail travel concessions for all foreign students. A scholarship student is directly a member of the I.C.C.R., whereas other foreign students have to apply for membership.

Some time ago, when the government scholarship students did not receive their monthly allowance for six months, they appealed to the Director. He had been unsuccessful in his attempts to find out the reasons for the delay. Finally, he decided to go to New Delhi and confront the Ministry. He came back without even meeting the Minister concerned.

None of the African students had any complaints against the I.C.C.R., directly as such. They blame the government for not delegating enough power to the Council to enable it to intercede directly on behalf of the students.

There is an all-India African Students' Association with regional branches. The current chairman of the Bombay branch is Mr. Nebiot Mukono, a senior B.A. student of Wilson College.

It is difficult for the Bombay A.S.A., with its members dispersed all over the city, to function effectively. The members of the executive cannot perform their duties full time as they have their studies to manage as well. However, there is a remarkable sense of unity among all African students.

The A.S.A. holds several functions every year. Senior members of Rotary International happen to be their patrons, but they also seek assistance from the I.C.C.R. when necessary.

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BETRAYING TRUST?

For nearly a century the Cama Hospital catered exclusively to women and children, and their care was in the hands of women doctors. Last year, male doctors were admitted on the staff and a controversy has been hotting up since then

Meenakshi Rao

Recently **Eve's Weekly** received an anonymous letter protesting at the presence of male doctors at Cama and Albless Hospital, Bombay, the only hospital of its kind catering to the needs of women and children and staffed exclusively by female doctors. The writer said: "Several patients have gone away from he Gynaecology and Obstetrics Dept. without having allowed examination by these male doctors and without receiving treatment from them...These male doctors were reported to have come intoxicated on duty, ill-treated the patients and nurses and even used abusive language. One male Registrar of the Gyn. & Ob. Dept. used abusive language and physically assaulted a Staff Nurse in the Operation Theatre."

When I went to the hospital to investigate these allegations, I found the nurses very reluctant to talk with me. They needed Matron's permission in order to speak freely and I found Matron inaccessible. The nurses therefore confined themselvs to saying that all they wanted were good working relations between nursing staff and doctors (male or female). Furthermore, they expressed satisfaction at the way the authorities had handled the recent incident (upon which they declined to elaborate). I gathered that both the nurse and the doctor concerned in the incident had been sent on leave and the doctor was to be transferred to another hospital in the J.J. Group.

The House Surgeons, Registrars and doctors at the hospital were much more willing to give me their views — on everything except the incident mentioned in our anonymous letter. Nobody I met had been present at the time and most preferred to reserve judgement although they seemed generally sceptical. All were quite willing, however, to discuss the more general topic of the entry of male doctors into Cama.

From 1883 to 1977 the Cama and Albless Hospital had catered exclusively to women and children. And as per its original Trust Deed the care of these patients had been entrusted solely to women doctors. The founders of the hospital specified these conditions for three reasons: one, that the women of India, specially the poor, were in grave need of medical care; two, that these women for social and religious reasons refused to be examined by male doctors; and three, that opportunities for medical training should be extended to Indian women.

Since the hospital was founded there have been a lot of changes in the social customs and attitudes of our people. Yet women continue to flock to Cama Hospital rather than be treated by male doctors, especially for their gynaecological and obstetric needs. Two women who had been House Surgeons when male doctors were first admitted in 1977 told me that several patients preferred to leave the hospital rather than be examined and treated by male doctors. One of them also said that fewer patients are coming to the Gynaecology and Obstetrics Unit now. A female doctor showed me figures which showed a drop of about 1,000 patients per month over the last one year to 18 months. Perhaps these women patients prefer to go to quacks.

However, a male Registrar and a House Surgeon pointed out that the development of more hospitals and medical centres in rural areas might be attracting patients who otherwise would have had to travel to Bombay and Cama. The minutes of a meeting of the Board of Visitors of the Cama Hospital earlier this year state that "It was unanimously agreed upon that there was no appreciable difference in the number of patients attending the hospital after the appointment of male doctors in Obstetrics and Gynaecology Units."

Yet it seems to me that a woman coming to Cama is making a definite choice to do so. There are many other hospitals where a sick woman can go and if she goes out of her way to come to Cama it means she specifically wants to be treated by a woman doctor. If someone feels so strongly on the issue she will still come to Cama no matter how many hospitals and medical centres are set up closer to her home. Take, for instance, the now well-known case of the husband who brought his pregnant wife to Cama from as far away as Sion so that she could deliver under the care of a female doctor. Seeing that only male doctors were on duty, he refused to let his wife be admitted and took her home again where she ruptured her uterus while giving birth. Frantic now, the husband rushed her back to Cama: but it was too late — the woman died on the operating table.

It is indeed unfortunate that the sort of narrow-mindedness exists which would cause a woman and her husband to risk death rather than be examined by a male doctor. Yet it also seems unfair to deprive these people of the right to life simply because of their orthodox views. One female House Surgeon said at least one hospital in the Bombay area should be reserved for such people.

The Association of Medical Women in India (Bombay Branch) submitted a resolution last year stating that it "strongly feels that there is a great need for women's hospitals to continue to render medical aid to women and children by medical women and requests the Government that the Cama and Albless Hospital be allowed to continue under the original terms of agreement of the Donor as a hospital for women and children to be staffed by medical women only."

This statement brings up the whole question of the Trust Deed made in 1883. The first male House Surgeons were appointed to Cama in 1977 after two meetings: one of the Director, the Superintendent and all the Honoraries, and the other of the Board of Visitors of Cama Hospital. At the former a majority vote sanctioned the appointment of male doctors, and at the latter this decision was approved. Dr. Bhavaskar, president of the Maharashtra Association of Resident Doctors (MARD) and a Registrar at Cama, told me that his association had contacted the last living heir to the Trust — a Mr. Albless

Continued on page 41

Winter flowers in *ESSMA* shawls

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THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

HAVE YOU SEEN THE CAR KEYS?
THEY'RE IN MY GREEN PURSE ON THE TABLE -
HOLY SMOKE! THE JUNK WOMEN CARRY IN THEIR HAND-BAGS! WHAT A MESS!!
IT LOOKS LIKE THE CITY DUMP ....OR WORSE!!
I'D BETTER CALL EMILY -
I CAN'T FIND THE KEYS -
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS REACH IN AND PULL THEM OUT-
7-23
© King Features
WHY COULDN'T YOU DO THAT?
I WASN'T ABOUT TO PUT MY HAND INTO THAT BAG -
I WAS AFRAID THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING LIVING IN THERE THAT WOULD BITE ME!

HA HA world of laughter

The farmer's CATTLE CROSSING signs were having little effect. Most motorists continued to roar down the highway that cut through his pasture — until he erected a billboard that said: SLOW DOWN FOR NUDIST CAMP CROSSING!

* * *

He: "A penny for your thoughts."

She: "My thoughts are not worth a penny."

He: "What are you thinking about?"

She: "You."

* * *

Mrs. Brown (very annoyed): "Look here, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Gray told me that you told her the secret that I told you not to tell her."

Mrs. Green: "Oh, the mean creature, and I told her not to tell you I told her."

Mrs. Brown: "Well, look here. Don't tell her that I told you she told me."

* * *

Unmarried girl: "We single girls enjoy fiction more than married women."

Married woman: "A wife, of course, detects it sooner."

* * *

He (an awkward dancer): "It was nice of you to give me this dance."

She: "Not at all — this is a Charity Ball."

* * *

The busy film executive asked his secretary where his pencil was.

"It's behind your ear," she replied.

"Come, come," snapped the big shot. "I'm a busy man. Which ear?"

* * *

"Why do you always look puzzled when I say I'm a self-made man?"

"I just can't decide whether you're bragging or apologising."

* * *

Mary and John had a tearing quarrel. They parted but not long afterwards, John's business took him on a visit to Mary's father.

When he knocked on the door Mary opened it. The situation was embarrassing.

John (stiffly): "Is Mr. Smith in?"

"No, he's away until Friday."

"Thank you," said John, and turned to walk away.

"Who shall I say called, please?" asked Mary.

* * *

Lester W. has a new line:

"Honey, I'm too poor to afford etchings, but if you come to my apartment, I'll show you the handwriting on the wall."

* * *

Robbie was telling a friend that his wife was no longer jealous.

"You see," explained Robbie, "I turn all the money I earn over to her. She figures that if I can get anything for free at my age — I'm entitled to it."

* * *

"Why did they hang that picture?"

"Because they couldn't find the artist."

* * *

"Silence in the court," cried the judge. "The next man who shouts will be sent out."

"HURRAH!" yelled the prisoner at the top of his voice.

* * *

Compiled by George Fegrado

WAIT!

Before you add that sugar to your child's food, have you made sure it is clean and hygienic?

Your doctor will tell you that sugar is an important source of energy for children. For that matter even for adults.

The food you buy from the market – vegetables, meat, fruits, even grains – is washed before it is cooked. Except sugar.

Very often the sugar purchased is from a gunny bag at the grocery shop kept open exposed to flies, dust and other roadside filth. It is handled by unwashed dirty hands. When it comes to your house there is no way to wash it or clean it. Unknowingly you may be adding millions of disease germs to your child's food with every spoonful of sugar.

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THE STORY SO FAR...

Leigh is an eighteen-year-old pre-nurse, sharing a London apartment with colleague Karen and spending weekends with parents who live forty miles away. One day, coming back from a family reunion, her car breaks down. Piers Sinclair happens to pass that way and points out there is no petrol. Twice embarrassed, Leigh hopes she will never see the man again. But he turns up like a bad penny, first at her apartment and then at the clinic she was assigned to.

Leigh Stanton innocently accepts an invitation from her boy friend Gavin Sinclair to spend a week-end in his father's house. Much to her dismay, she learns that Gavin's intentions are far from honourable. She wants to escape but is interrupted by the unexpected arrival of Piers Sinclair, Gavin's father, a hard, cynical divorcee and playboy millionaire. Piers puts a wrong construction on the situation, whisks young Leigh back home in his car and lectures her on the degenerating morality of youth.

NOW READ ON...

'Do you feel like going to the cinema this evening?' Karen asked Leigh. 'Keith and a couple of others are going and I told Keith we would probably go too.'

Leigh shook her head, her long dark tresses like a black curtain down her back. 'Not this evening, thanks, Karen. I don't think I'd be very good company.'

'Are you sure you don't feel like coming out? The others will be disappointed if you don't, and I'm sure it would cheer you up.'

'I'd rather not.' Leigh glanced at her watch. 'And if you're going you'd better hurry up and get ready. Keith will be here in a moment. I'll make you a snack while you change.'

Leigh hurried into the kitchen. It didn't take long to prepare the sandwich and mug of coffee which was all Karen would have time for, moving about the kitchen with a sureness that had become mainly habitual. It was strange really, but much as she loved the flat and the independence it gave her, her parents' house still counted as home to her.

Until she married, of course. But that was a long way off. Oh yes, a very long way off. A nursing career and marriage didn't generally mix, and she had every intention of finishing her training. And any man who tried to prevent her doing so surely wasn't worth loving. She stopped what she was doing for a moment, deep in thought. The subject had never arisen before, but surely if she loved someone enough and they really didn't want her to carry on nursing, then wouldn't she be being selfish by refusing? Wouldn't she? It was worth thinking about, an aspect that had never occurred to her before.

Leigh brought herself up with a start. What on earth was she thinking about marriage for? She hadn't yet met anyone she was remotely serious about, and the

PART THREE

THE PASSIONATE WINTER

Carole Mortimer

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PIERS' EVIDENT SEXUAL MAGNETISM ONLY SUCCEEDED IN MAKING LEIGH MORE UNSURE OF HIM, AND SHE WISHED SHE HAD THE WORDS TO MAKE HIM LEAVE. JUST ASKING DIDN'T SEEM TO WORK

prospect of her doing so in the near future seemed very slight.

A loud knock sounded on the door. 'I'll answer it,' she shouted to Karen, who had disappeared into the kitchen with her empty plate and mug in her hands. Leigh yawned tiredly before opening the door. Things had been rather hectic in outpatients the last two weeks and she looked forward to a quiet night in front of the television. It didn't look as if it was quite going to work out that way when she saw who was standing outside the door. It was Keith all right, but standing next to him, and looking quite undaunted, was Piers Sinclair.

'Hi,' grinned Keith. 'Look who I met on the way in.'

Leigh smiled tightly, opening the door wider for them to enter. 'Karen won't be a moment, Keith, if you would like to sit down for a while,' she turned politely to Piers Sinclair, effectively preventing his entry any further into the hallway. 'Did you want something, Mr. Sinclair?'

'Hey, Leigh, Keith said that —' Karen broke off in mid-sentence, realising as she turned around that Piers Sinclair was here yet again, and looking even more handsome than she remembered. 'Good evening, Mr. Sinclair,' she greeted him politely.

'Miss Morgan,' he acknowledged. 'You're going out, I believe.'

'Yes, we are.' She motioned to Keith that she was ready to

Continued on page 31

THE MILLION-

We have discovered how to make you look your love
est — the look which you have always longed for.
as romantic and feminine as you've dreamt of being
these sheer fabrics in smooth, simple, flowing styl

Courtesy : Purple Pussycat Boutique

Forever cool and collected in a green terry jersey maxi with contrast borders at skirt edge and a rouched front bodice; the other, a sparkling red organza maxi, tiered alternatively in checks, has a rouched front with ruffled V-front. Wear it plain or wrap around with a frilly scarf.

Pretty maxis to add sparkle to a party in prin
One has a loose-matching top with flared sle
beautifully gathered with tiny frills at the lo
giving a sleek look!

LLAR LOOK!

ng gathers allow a free movement and the rouch- t hugs the body, emphasizing a trim waist. Speci- led to give the young that million-dollar look.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

a combination of red, white and black. es up at the waist, while the other is f skirt. The top is rouched at waist

Look sweet and saucy in a printed American georgette saree, dramatically turned into a two-piece outfit. Flimsy knee length, flared, sleeved top covers up the sleeveless maxi; a red and white striped and printed maxi has a gathered waistline and a rouched front. Off-shouldered sleeves give a total sophisticated look!

You'll make an attractive Air hostess but...

I WAS SO KEEN ON THE AIR HOSTESS JOB. EAGERLY I SET OFF FOR MY FIRST INTERVIEW
YOU'RE RIGHT FOR THE JOB AND ATTRACTIVE TOO, BUT UNLESS YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR SKIN!
SHE WAS RIGHT. WHY DID MY SKIN HAVE TO LOOK SO DULL AND LIFELESS
WHEN MY AIR HOSTESS FRIEND HEARD -
LISTEN MEENA, I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED BEFORE YOUR FINAL INTERVIEW-ANNE FRENCH DEEP CLEANSING MILK
IF YOU CLEANSE YOUR SKIN REGULARLY WITH ANNE FRENCH DEEP CLEANSING MILK ITS DULLNESS WILL CLEAR
LOOK HOW IT REMOVES THE STALE MAKE-UP AND HIDDEN DIRT THAT SOAP DOESN'T WASH AWAY. NATURALLY YOUR SKIN LOOKS GLOWING AND FRESH.
I USED ANNE FRENCH DEEP CLEANSING MILK EVERY NIGHT UNTIL I WENT FOR MY FINAL INTERVIEW
CONGRATULATIONS, THE JOB IS YOURS. AND REALLY WHAT A MARVELLOUS DIFFERENCE IN YOUR SKIN!
IT'S HARD WORK BEING AN AIR HOSTESS - BUT LOTS OF FUN TOO. THANK YOU ANNE FRENCH FOR A LOVELY COMPLEXION - FOR EVERYTHING.
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The natural choice for natural hair.

leave, Piers Sinclair's meaning being perfectly clear. He wanted to be alone with Leigh, and yet Karen felt reluctant to leave them. And Leigh didn't look too happy with the idea either.

Leigh felt her heart sink as her two friends left. Why hadn't she begged Karen to stay instead of leaving herself at the mercy of this man's whiplash tongue? She only wished she knew the answer to that question. But whatever it was, she was here alone with Piers Sinclair now, with no escape.

'Are you usually this inhospitable or am I the exception?'

Leigh flushed at the rebuke in his tone. 'You're the exception,' she admitted reluctantly. 'But you must admit that I do have reason to dislike you.'

Slowly he unbuttoned his jacket and slipping it from his powerful shoulders placed it carelessly on the floor before sitting down in the chair.

'But that still doesn't explain why you had to tell Gavin a pack of lies. Or was that for revenge?'

The hardness of his tone didn't go unnoticed by Leigh and she found herself moving over to the far side of the room, as far away from this dynamic man as possible. He exuded an aura of power and authority even sitting relaxed and comfortable in their shabby armchair. The cream shirt fitted closely against his flat muscular stomach and wide powerful shoulders, several of the buttons undone to reveal the dark hairs beneath, a gold medallion nestling among their thickness. His evident sexual magnetism only succeeded in making Leigh more unsure of him, and she wished she had the words to make him leave; just simply asking didn't seem to work.

'I haven't told Gavin anything, Mr. Sinclair,' she told him stiffly. 'Keith just happened to mention to your son that you'd been here the night of the party. Unfortunately Gavin's mind has a way of twisting things. Some of the things he accused me of were disgusting but then I suppose that's only to be expected.'

'What did he say?' he asked more firmly, his tone brooking no denial.

'He. . .' still she hesitated, unwilling to admit the extent of Gavin's insults. 'Well, he. . . accused me of spending the night in your apartment,' she said in a rush.

Piers teeth snapped together angrily. 'The devil he did!' he swore. 'Someone's going to give him a good hiding one day if he carries on making rash comments like that.'

Was he never going to leave and give her some peace of mind? 'Mr. Sinclair? Was there anything else you wanted?' she asked pointedly.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

THE PASSIONATE WINTER

He turned momentarily to look at her. 'If you're offering, I would like a cup of coffee,' he said blandly.

'I wasn't,' she snapped.

'Well, I'd like one anyway. No arsenic, just sugar. Two, please.'

Leigh stormed out of the room and into the kitchen. Just who did he think he was coming here, ordering her about like this? She mumbled crossly to herself as she slammed about the kitchen. What a nerve that man had!! Did nothing penetrate that thick skin of his? Probably not. He was so sure of himself he probably thought she welcomed his company with open arms. She almost wished she had the arsenic he had mentioned. Almost.

'Perhaps you could make me something to eat.'

'I could — ! Mr. Sinclair!' Leigh said indignantly. 'I could make you something to eat, but I certainly don't intend to do so. I can't think of one good reason why I should. Can you?'

'Sure I can. I'm hungry, and I think you owe me a couple of favours, don't you? Besides, I'll take you out for a meal tomorrow evening to make up for it. That's fair, isn't it?'

Leigh could only stare at him, wondering if she could possibly have heard him correctly. Had he really asked her to dine with him tomorrow or had she imagined it? Surely a man of his looks and magnetism couldn't want to take out a little nonentity like her, especially in the company he usually kept. Anyway, she couldn't go. Her brother Chris was going to be here tomorrow and she certainly wasn't going to leave Karen to cope with Chris and Keith all evening. She sighed. 'I'll get you the meal, Mr. Sinclair, although you'll have to take pot luck. But I'm afraid dinner tomorrow is out. I really do have a date tomorrow.'

'Pot luck will be fine,' he yawned tiredly, resting his head back in the chair. 'And if you really can't make it tomorrow we'll leave it until the day after.'

'But that's Christmas Eve!'

'So? What's so special about Christmas Eve?' he asked in a bored voice.

'Well, if you don't know, I'm certainly not going to tell you. It's just out of the question, I'm afraid. I'm going home that evening.'

'I'll take you.' The words were a murmur, and looking at him Leigh saw his eyes were closed, his features relaxed as if on the edge of sleep.

'But you can't,' she insisted, unwilling to disturb him but knowing she had to assert herself or this man would walk all over her. 'It's a long way, and completely in the wrong direction for you.'

'It doesn't matter.' Still his eyes stayed closed. 'I'll drive you to your parents' home after our dinner. Satisfied?'

'No! I don't want — '

'Enough!' he snapped. 'For God's sake, girl, don't argue about everything. It's already decided.'

'Not by me it isn't. I have no wish for you to meet my parents, and I could hardly do other than introduce you if you drive me home.'

'Frightened I might tell tales out of school? Or could it possibly be that they might not approve of your choice of boy-friend?'

'Neither. My parents trust me to make my own judgements of people. And you're certainly not my boy-friend — I hardly know you.'

Piers put up a weary hand and brushed back a stray strand of hair from his forehead. 'You know all you need to know about me. As for the boy-friend bit, I suppose you could be right, I'm hardly a boy, am I? On second thoughts just call me a male friend.'

She moved about the small kitchen as quietly as possible. Piers Sinclair seemed tired, and in this type of mood he didn't seem quite as dangerous. Almost, but not quite. A quick look in the refrigerator assured her that it was quite well stocked.

When Leigh at last looked into the lounge again Piers Sinclair was fast asleep, the blaring television not disturbing him at all. She sat down next to him, leaning forward to turn down the sound. How relaxed and boyish he looked when he was asleep, the lines of cynicism about his mouth and nose completely disappearing. Without his thin well-shaped hand to keep his hair in order it had fallen down over his forehead, giving him a more approachable look. But as Leigh knew, it was only a look.

She shrugged her shoulders, bringing her knees up under her chin so that she could rest her head on them. She might as well let him sleep; the meal could all wait and there was a particularly good film on the television at the moment. Besides, it was quite nice to just relax and not always be on her guard with him.

Later Leigh moved about the kitchen, taking the grapefruit halves in their bowls out of the refrigerator, and preparing the steaks for cooking before carrying the grapefruit into the lounge and putting them at the two places she had laid at the dining table.

Piers Sinclair woke up. He stretched his arms above his head, his eyes sleepy and a deeper blue as he looked at her.

'Sorry about that.' He ran his hand through already tousled hair. 'I didn't mean to fall asleep.'

He sat down opposite her. 'You didn't have to go to all this trouble for me.'

'I have to eat too, you know.'

'I'm sure. But I would have been happy with whatever you were originally going to have.' He put a segment of grapefruit between his firm white teeth, ignoring the sugar bowl and enjoying its firm sharpness.

Leigh laughed, shaking her head with amusement. 'I don't think you would have appreciated it.'

'What was it?' he asked curiously.

'Baked beans on toast,' she laughed again.

He studied her glowing face for a few seconds. 'You have a lovely smile, you should do it more often.' His mouth twisted wryly. 'And I think perhaps you're right about the baked beans. I only hope I haven't taken your week's food away from you. I would hate you to go hungry.'

Leigh was still blushing at his compliment. 'We won't starve, don't worry, I may be poor, but I don't usually go hungry. Anyway, I could hardly serve the famous Piers Sinclair anything but the best, now could I?'

'If you say so. Do you think you could cut the witty comments until after we've eaten? I'll get indigestion otherwise.'

'If that's what you want.'

She had to admit, to herself at least, that he had the power to make her pulse race even just sitting near her like this. If he should ever kiss her. . . Kiss her! Of course he would never kiss her. The idea was totally unthinkable. And yet hadn't she just thought about it!

Leigh felt herself drawn towards him, feeling almost as if he had already touched her lips with his own. She broke the force of that look with an effort, feeling slightly breathless at his continuous nearness.

'Leigh! Leigh, I'm home,' Karen called from the sitting room. 'Where are you?'

Leigh heaved a sigh of relief.

Continued on page 38

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We promise you one thing; your kitchen will come to life with colour and harmony.

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sizes upto 10kg. Then there are 5kg., 2kg., 1kg. and smart little spice cans.

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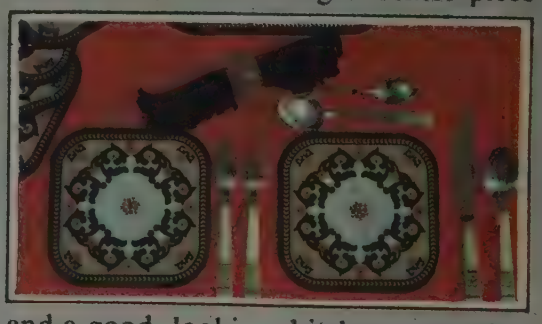

and a good looking kitchen tray that will do justice to your refreshments.

Free stickers and labels with each set.

Each Chrysal set comes complete with self-adhesive 'Porcelain' design shelf stickers to give your kitchen the distinguished Chrysal look. We'll also give you self-sticking labels for your Chrysal containers: rice, dal, flour, sugar... even spices, so that you can conveniently identify what's in your containers.

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"CHILDREN ENJOY MY COOKING, THOUGH AT TIMES THEY GET FED UP WITH THE ELABORATE DISHES. THEY PREFER SIMPLE DISHES," SHE SAYS.

BESIDES COOKING, MRS. BUTANI IS ALSO INTERESTED IN FLOWER AND DOLL MAKING, SEWING AND EMBROIDERY

RASGOLLA CURRY

FOR THE RASGOLLAS:

Paneer made from 2 bottles of milk
1 tbsp. corn flour
Salt

FOR THE GRAVY:

½ kg tomatoes (puree)
Leftover water from paneer or butter milk
4 green chillis
2 tsps. red chilli powder
A few coriander leaves
A few curry leaves
1 tsp. turmeric
Salt to taste
½ tsp. cummin seeds
½ tsp. fenugreek seeds
Little asafoetida
2 tbsps. wheat flour or jawar flour
2 tbsps. oil

Heat oil and fry the cummin seeds, fenugreek seeds and asafoetida. Add flour and all the masala and fry for a while. Add leftover water from the paneer and tomato puree. Cook the curry till oil floats on top and is sufficiently thick. Add the prepared rasgollas.

TO PREPARE RASGOLLA:

Mix salt, corn flour and paneer. Rub till smooth. Make small balls and cook in boiling water till hard for about eight or ten minutes.

KAMAL KAKRI CHOPS

300 grams kamal kakri
½ cup milk
2 slices bread, soaked
½ tbsp. corn flour
½ tbsp. butter
1 small onion
A few coriander leaves, chopped
4 green chillis, chopped

Photograpn : Farokh Reporter.

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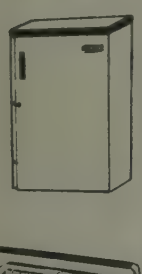

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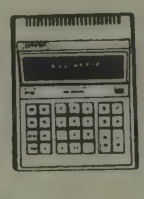

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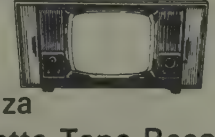

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AGENTS/STOCKISTS WANTED

Salt to taste
Juice of 1 lime or 1 tbsp. of dry mango powder
Dry bread crumbs
2 tsps. garam masala
2 tsps. chilli powder

Clean, wash and boil the kamal kakri and cut into eight inch long strips of about one-fourth inch thick and four and half inch long. Chop the remaining kamal kakri. Mix the corn flour, milk and butter. Cook till quite thick. Mix it with the chopped kamal kakri. Add rest of the masala and the soaked bread. Mix nicely. Take the long sticks of kamal kakri. Cover half of the stick with the chopped mixture, roll it in bread crumbs. Shape it with hands to resemble like mutton chops. Deep fry. Serve with tomato sauce or a piquant chutney.

SPECIAL MASALA CHOPS

8 mutton chops
1 tbsp. oil
½ tsp. pepper
½ tsp. mustard powder
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce (optional)

FOR THE COATING:

1 tbsp. flour
½ egg
1 small onion
1 small capsicum
A few coriander leaves, chopped
2 green chillis, chopped
Dry bread crumbs

Beat the chops with a blunt knife. Apply salt, pepper, mustard and oil. Marinate for a few hours. Mix all the ingredients for the coating, together. Add little water if necessary. Coat the chops with butter, roll in bread crumbs. Press it with your palm to make it smooth. Deep fry till golden brown. Serve with onion rings dipped in thin batter of flour, salt, pepper and red chilli and fried till crisp.

GOBI KA KHEER

1 bottle milk
2 cardamoms
Sugar to taste
100 grams cabbage
1 tbsp. vanilla custard powder
¼ cup chopped nuts and raisins

Chop the cabbage very finely. Cook it in boiling water for two minutes, drain and keep aside. Boil the milk, sugar and cardamoms, for a few minutes. Add cabbage and cook till it is tender. Mix custard powder with little water and add it to the boiling milk. Cook for a few seconds. Remove from fire. Cool it before serving.

RAINBOW SALAD

1 carrot, grated
1 small cabbage, grated
2 capsicums, chopped
1 radish, chopped
1 beetroot, grated

Take a round flat dish, and first place the capsicums in the centre. Surround with cabbage, carrot, cucumber, beet root and finally with radish.

Sprinkle salt and pepper. Squeeze little lime juice on top if desired.

FISH MOTI PULLAO

1 bunch spinach
½ bunch fenugreek leaves
Few dill leaves
6 green chillis
Salt to taste
½ tsp. turmeric
200 grams fish (boneless)
2 slices of bread, soaked in water
2 sheets of silver foil
Salt to taste
1 tbsp. garam masala
200 grams rice
1 bay leaf
2 cloves
A piece of cinnamon
4 cardamoms
A few pepper corns

GRIND TO A PASTE:

12 cloves garlic
A piece of ginger

Boil the fish with salt and lime juice. Remove from water and mash it. Add the soaked bread and garam masala. Make very tiny balls from this mixture and deep fry. Coat a few balls with silver foil and keep aside for decoration.

Heat oil, add garlic-ginger paste. Add the green vegetables, turmeric, chopped tomato and cook on high flame till dry. Boil rice with whole garam masala and salt. Take a pan with a tight lid. Put some rice at the bottom of the pan. Put fish balls and cooked green vegetables. Cover with white rice again. Repeat till all the rice and balls are used up. Heat oil and pour over the rice. Press rice nicely. Steam it for 10 to 15 minutes. Turn out rice on a plate, and decorate with silver balls.

SANJALI CHICKEN

1 medium size chicken
250 grams tomato (puree)
100 grams onions
4 big capsicums
150 ml. curd
2 tbsps. cream

GRIND TOGETHER:

1 piece ginger
8 cloves garlic
1 tbsp. red chilli powder
1 tbsp. white pepper
1 tbsp. coriander powder
4 cloves
A piece of cinnamon
Salt to taste

Mix the above ground paste with curd. Clean and cut the chicken into pieces. Apply the ground paste and keep aside for about three to four hours. Chop or grate the onions. Heat a little oil. Fry the onions till golden brown in colour. Add marinated chicken. Cook on medium fire till the moisture evaporates. Add tomato puree and cream. Cook till chicken is nearly ready. Cut capsicums in thick slices and add it to the chicken. Cook till capsicums are quite soft and chicken is tender. Serve with nan or chappatti.

EGG FANCIES

3 boiled eggs
6 rounds of bread
1 tbsp. fish or meat paste or green chutney
4 tbsps. cheese, grated
50 grams butter
¼ tbsp. chilli powder
A few lettuce leaves

Mix the fish paste with butter, grated cheese and chilli. Spread on the rounds of bread. Spread lettuce leaves on a flat dish. Arrange the round bread pieces leaving space inbetween so that the lettuce can be seen. Halve the eggs and place each half with rounded side up on the bread slice. Cut off the tops slightly to get a level surface.

Pipe the remaining cheese mixture through a fine icing nozzle. Make scallops around the eggs and on rounds of bread. Also pipe a circle on the surface of the egg. Drop tomato sauce in the centre and in each scalloped edge. Serve cold.

AHUR JI BHAJI

1 small brinjal
1 medium size potato
4 small onions
2 tbsps. gram flour (for gram flour balls)
2 tbsps. oil

Sufficient water to prepare a stiff dough
2 tomatoes
1 tsp. turmeric
1 tsp. red chilli powder
2 green chillis
12 cloves garlic
A few coriander leaves
Salt to taste
½ tbsp. mustard seeds
½ tbsp. wheat flour

Mix the gram flour, salt and oil to a stiff dough. Make marble size balls and keep aside.

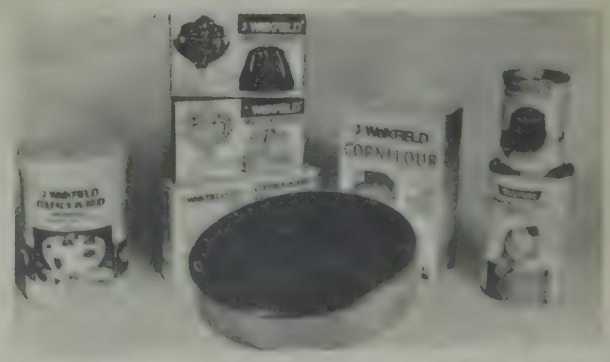
Cut brinjals and potatoes into four pieces lengthwise. Keep the onions full.

Heat two tablespoons of oil, add mustard. When it begins to splutter, add the chopped tomatoes and all the masala, garlic and vegetables. Cover and cook on slow fire. When tomatoes are soft add two cups of water mixed with wheat flour. Add gram flour balls and cook till vegetables are well cooked and sufficient gravy is left. Add more water if necessary.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our weekly contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize,

1. A non-stick coated 7" Cake Mould from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A gift Hamper from WEIKFIELD containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Ice Cream Mix Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour and 3) A book "Delightful Chinese Dishes" by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.



So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a [illegible] to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400 023

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recipes from our readers

Mrs. Claire Datta, Secunderabad.

STEAK ROLL

1½ kg steak meat
260 grams bacon
200 grams salami, finely minced
50 grams raisins
2 tbsps. breadcrumbs
3 cloves garlic, minced
A pinch of clove powder
2 tbsps. tomato sauce
2 tbsps. Worcestershire sauce
4 tbsps. oil
100 grams pork, minced
2 onions, finely chopped
1 egg
¼ tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. pepper, ground
2 tbsps. soya sauce
2 tbsp. salt

Beat the piece of meat well till flat. Mix together 2 cloves garlic, one onion, minced pork meat, salami, egg, bread crumbs, soya sauce, 1 tbsp. tomato sauce, 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce, cinnamon powder, clove powder, pepper and salt. Mix all ingredients well by hand.

Keeping aside two strips of bacon, lay the rest with the rind removed lengthwise on the piece of meat. Spread the above mixture evenly all over and carefully roll the meat as done in a swiss roll — to form a tight roll. Stretch the ends so that they overlap and tie well with a string lengthwise and breadthwise.

In a dekchi put the oil and fry the onion and garlic till light brown. Put the roll in and fry all over till brown. Put in a teaspoon of sugar to speed up the browning process and give a good colour. Sprinkle salt. Add the remaining sauces with ¼ a breakfast cup of water.

This can be pressure-cooked for 35 mins. or put in the oven for an hour or until cooked — basting all the time so the meat does not dry up. Cook till the meat is tender, with a little leftover gravy.

To serve, remove the string, and serve whole with roasted potatoes or place on a bed of lettuce with sliced tomatoes & celery. Pour the gravy on top.

Miss Joyce Freeman, Hazaribagh.

PORK LOAF WITH ONION SAUCE

1 kg lean pork, ground
250 grams beef chunk, ground
250 grams ham
½ cup chicken broth
¼ cup heavy cream
1 cup bread crumbs
3 tbsps. butter
1 clove garlic, minced
1 onion, chopped
6 mushrooms, chopped
2 eggs, lightly beaten
1½ tsps. salt or to taste
1 tsp. pepper, coarsely ground
1 tsp. herbs, sage, mint, cellery, crumbled
2 tsps. parsley, chopped
1 sliced tomato

FOR THE ONION SAUCE:

1 kg onions, sliced
8 tbsps. butter
¼ tsp. salt
¼ cup heavy cream
¼ tsp. nutmeg
4 tbsps. flour
2 cups milk
¼ tsp. pepper

FOR THE LOAF:

Saute the garlic and onion in butter, till tender. Add the mushrooms. Cook for two minutes and combine with the rest of ingredients except the tomatoes. Blend well in a shallow roasting pan. Shape into a loaf. Bake for one and a half hour, or till done. Place the tomato slices on top during the last 15 minutes of baking. Baste with the juice in the pan. Serve with onion sauce, boiled potatoes or green vegetables.

FOR THE ONION SAUCE:

Put all the sliced onions, and two tablespoons of butter in a heavy pan. Cook over low heat until the onions are tender, and light golden. Sprinkle with flour and salt and cook, stirring for three minutes. Gradually stir in milk. Bring this mixture to a boil. Put through a sieve or electric blender, then place in a saucepan, reheat, gradually add the cream, salt and pepper and nutmeg. Stir in the other two tablespoons of butter, and serve with pork loaf.

Thanky, Bombay.

FISH AND CABBAGE ROLLS

2 cups cabbage, chopped
1 cup flaked fish, cooked
¾ cup gram flour
1 cup onion, chopped
½ cup coriander leaves, chopped
1 tsp. ginger, finely chopped
5 green chillis, chopped
1 tsp. cummin powder
Salt to taste
Oil for frying
Egg whites of 2 eggs
Breadcrumbs
½ cup coconut, grated

Mix all the chopped ingredients along with gram flour, fish, salt and cummin powder in two tablespoons of hot oil. Knead to a smooth dough. Divide it into twelve equal balls. Roll it in egg white and then in breadcrumbs and deep fry till golden brown. Serve with a sour chutney.

1 weekly winner

Mrs. Villy Dadinatha of Bombay wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated 7" Cake Mould from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

TARAPORI PATIA

1 doz. dried Bombay ducks
4 big onions, finely chopped
1 pod of garlic
1½ tsps. cummin seeds
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. chilli powder
6 green chillis
¼ kg tomato, chopped
50 grams tamarind
50 grams jaggery
Oil for frying
Salt to taste

Clean and wash the Bombay ducks. Cut them into two-inch pieces and soak them in water for about 15 minutes. Soak the tamarind in three-fourth cup water. Grind to a fine paste the green chillis, garlic and cummin seeds.

Chop onions very fine and fry them till light brown. Add the ground masala in it. Add salt, turmeric powder, chilli powder, and chopped tomatoes. Mix it well with little water so as to form a paste. Add the pieces of Bombay duck in it.

Squeeze the tamarind in water so as to make a pulpy sauce. Pour it in the above mixture. Keep the mixture on a low fire till the Bombay ducks are well cooked and little gravy remains Add jaggery. Leave it on low fire till well cooked Serve hot

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself, to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023

'INDIA LOOK' INVADES NEW YORK

Ruby Pal Chowdhuri, along with three other Indian women, displayed fashion designs in Rome and New York and got a rave response

The scene changes from New Delhi to Rome to New York. The organisers — the State Trading Corporation of India. The reason — a breakthrough by India in sophisticated Western markets for high-fashion leather garments. The designers — five top Italian haute-couture merchants, Emilio Pucci, Brioni, Litrico, Vanozzi and Laura Aponte, and the Indian team, Ruby Pal Chowdhuri, Sita Nanda, Jaya Jaitely and Asha Gupta. Who are these young women? How did they come into the picture?

Ruby Pal Chowdhuri of Calcutta, proprietor of Kabari, a pioneering hair-dressing salon in the Indian style and an exclusive boutique, and a designer of mod clothes and original accessories, explained, "It was all due to the recommendation of Mrs. Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya that we met the Italian collaborator, Gino de Grandi, owner of New Ideas Ltd."

Ruby Pal Chowdhuri was optimistic about finished Indian leather garments making a mark in the international market. The first fashion parade of a wide range of leather garments organised by the State Trading Corporation was held in New Delhi in June this year.

"How did you fare in Rome and with the sophisticated buyers in New York?"

Ruby produced the cuttings album displaying the models designed by her and the other three Indian women. Leading Italian newspapers splashed the Indian designers' costumes. Gina Lollobrigida, the guest of honour, was enthralled by the costumes—derivatives from the kurta coat, the 'Nehru' pants, the 'angarkha' coat. Since La Lolla is one of the stars who lead the road to high fashion, her 'benediction' for the fashion durbar was significant.

One was eager for the reaction on the other side of the Atlantic. Ruby was in New York to see the press reaction. "India look invades the fashion scene," said the press. Bonwit Teller, Saks of Fifth Avenue, and Lord and Taylor — three of the most prestigious American departmental stores — were impressed with the designs.

Of Ruby's own designs, the most photographed is a four-piece ensemble — a full-length Indian suede Cape a la Matador worn over matching pants topped with a pearly silver grey striped blouse, with an Indian rope suede sash, and the model standing against a hut in Abdullapuram, near Kancheepuram, which is world famous for its silks.

The **International Daily News** said of Ruby Pal Chowdhuri: "With a background in textile design, she came from Calcutta to see her first big step, internationally. Shining brightly as the Indian star she is right now, her robes of green and beige wrapped a heavily applauded package of her design. Ruby's horizontally pleated jacket with similar skilled detailing on the sleeve, was a highlighter."

Ruby graduated from the Calcutta Art College and went on to the U.K. to study art in the Chelsea School of Art in London. Married to a young industrialist and mother of a son, she is totally devoted to designing. As proprietor of Kabari, the beauty salon, she aims at helping the middle-class to help themselves to beauty in hair-styling and beauty culture at moderate rates. The latest news from S.T.C. Delhi came in while we were talking. An order worth $ 9 million has been obtained for the Indian costumes designed by Ruby and her compatriots.

Tapati Mookerji

THE PASSIONATE WINTER

Continued from page 31

vaguely wondering what would have happened next if Karen hadn't interrupted them so precipitously. She shied away from her conclusion.

Piers was so close she could feel the heat emanating from his body. 'You may have been saved now, but there'll come a time when you won't be so lucky,' he whispered close to her ear, his lips brushing the sensitive skin below the rapidly beating pulse in her neck. 'I'll look forward to it.' He straightened away from her, entering the lounge with Leigh hard on his heels.

'Oh!' Karen looked from one to the other of them in surprise. 'I'm sorry,' she said awkwardly. 'I didn't expect ——'

'You didn't expect me to still be here,' Piers finished for her, bending down to pick up his jacket, shrugging it over his shoulders in lazy nonchalance. 'Don't worry, I'm just going.'

'Wow!' breathed Karen when Piers had gone. 'I didn't mean to interrupt anything. I hope I didn't come in at an awkward moment?'

'I'm not sure,' Leigh replied slowly. 'I'm just not sure.'

The following day, when Chris arrived, the evening was progressing just as Leigh had known it would, with Chris and Keith constantly vying for Karen's attention. It was all Leigh could do to keep them from coming to blows. She was glad to be able to escape for a moment when she went into the kitchen to wash the dishes, insisting Karen stay and entertain their guests. Leigh was just glad to get a bit of peace. Let Karen look after them for a few minutes. It was very wearing on the nerves trying to keep two jealous males apart, and Leigh for one was glad to relax.

The doorbell rang. 'I wonder what that is?' Karen said.

'I'll go and answer it.' Leigh wiped her hands on the towel on the back of the door, removing her pinafore from over her blue velvet trousers and smoothing down the matching velvet waistcoat. As it was quite warm in the flat she hadn't bothered with the short-blouse she usually wore with this trouser suit, leaving her smooth arms and creamy neck bare.

She entered the lounge. 'Oh!' she gasped as she saw that Keith had let in their visitor. Piers Sinclair stood self-assuredly in the middle of the room.

'Good evening,' he greeted her, his eyes narrowing appreciatively as they flickered over her appearance. 'I was just passing and I saw your lights were on.'

'Really?' Leigh asked sharply.

'Yes, really.' Piers unbuttoned his coat, revealing the dark dinner jacket and snowy white shirt he wore beneath. 'Aren't you going to introduce us, Leigh?' He looked pointedly at Chris.

'Yes, yes, of course. Chris, this is Piers Sinclair. Mr. Sinclair, this is Christopher Stanton, my brother.'

'Hey, Sis, I didn't know you knew Mr. Sinclair,' admonished Caris. 'You might have told me. You are the famous racing driver, aren't you, sir?'

'Ex-racing driver,' drawled Piers. 'And please call me Piers. As you're Leigh's brother I can hardly address you as Mr. Stanton.'

Leigh blushed at the implied intimacy between the two of them, aware of the speculative looks of the other three. What game was he playing now? Whatever it was she didn't like it.

Karen rushed into speech to bridge the gap in the conversation. 'I was just going to make some coffee,' she said hurriedly. 'Would you like some?'

Piers face relaxed into a smile, a charming smile, noted Leigh, and directed at the more susceptible Karen and not at herself. 'That would be much appreciated, thank you.'

The smooth, devastatingly handsome Piers managed to corner Leigh alone in the kitchen. He ran a caressing finger up her soft bare arm, making her shiver with pleasure. 'You have very soft skin,' he said huskily. 'It's a shame it's full of prickles.' He straightened away from her and Leigh felt suddenly cold at the loss of his body heat. 'As to why I'm here, well, I've already explained that away?'

He made a move towards her, turning his head as a light tap sounded on the door before Chris rather bashfully entered the kitchen.

'Sorry to interrupt you,' he apologised, looking anywhere but at the two of them, 'but Keith has to go quite soon, and as you seem to be taking a long time with the coffee. . .' he trailed off lamely.

'Here,' Leigh jerkily handed him two cups of coffee. 'I'll bring in the others.'

Piers' attention finally wore down Leigh's resistance and she found herself accepting his offer of dinner on Christmas Eve. The condition was that he drop her at her parents' place afterwards, so as to be home in time for Christmas.

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To be continued

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CAMA HOSPITAL: BETRAYING TRUST?

Continued from page 23

— who had no objections to opening up Cama to male doctors.

And yet, on June 22, 1978, the great-grandchildren of Pestonji Hormasji Cama, founder of the hospital, wrote to the Maharashtra Health Minister urging the removal of male doctors from Cama and requesting "the government to forthwith redress the wrong done to the memory of the founder and to the women of the city and thereby to retain its good name for honouring pledges solemnly given to the founder, our great-grandfather."

Dr. Bhavaskar said he was not sure whether legal proceedings had been gone through to change the provisions of the Trust or indeed if such action was necessary. However, in an S.O.S. sent to the Health Minister by Dr. P. B. Tilwani, the law regarding Trust Deeds is quoted: "No change in objects or directions in any Trust Deed can be made except by a competent court when the object or direction cannot be carried out and the court alters the Trust Deed by applying Cypre's doctrine."

Those against the entry of male doctors into Cama maintain that no such legal attempt to change the Trust Deed was made.

Perhaps the whole problem lies in the fact that Cama is a teaching hospital and therefore has to cater to the interests of both students and patients. The J.J. Group of Hospitals, to which Cama belongs, accepts registrations only from Grant Medical College. Dr. Bhavaskar pointed out that there are 12 recognised teachers for post-graduate work at Cama, whereas in J.J. and St. George's together there are about the same number. (Later, a female House Surgeon said this figure might be closer to 17). Furthermore, Dr. Bhavaskar said that compared to the 250 beds in the Gynaecology and Obstetrics Department of Cama, the J.J. and St. George's have only 150 beds between them. Since, according to his figures, only 25 per cent of undergraduate students and an even lower percentage of post-graduates are female, reserving Cama purely for female students at both levels would mean that a small percentage of the total number of students would be enjoying a majority of teaching attention and clinical experience. MARD would therefore like to see all registrations made in the J.J. Group to be based purely on merit and regardless of sex.

It was also suggested by more than one male doctor that if Cama wants to revert to its all-female policies, it should no longer be a teaching hospital and some other hospital in the Bombay area should be made available to students of Gynaecology. The female doctors pointed out that in that case the valuable clinical material available at Cama would be denied not only to male students but to female students as well and nobody would profit from it.

When I asked Dr. Bhavaskar about the allegations that male doctors were reporting drunk on duty he said that they were "absolutely false" and that he had heard of only one such incident.

Of the accusers, he said that "they hate male Resident Doctors. They make an issue of the smallest things." In case of such incidents the accusers should take up the matter with the authorities and MARD will not try to protect any of its members if they are guilty of infringment of hospital regulations, he added.

MARD maintains that the whole issue of male doctors vs. female doctors involves a misdirection of energy on the part of doctors at Cama, the public and the Government. There are many other issues that need attention if Cama's patients are to be given the care they deserve. For instance, there is no Emergency Unit and no Casualty Medical Officer at Cama. All emergency cases have to be sent to J.J. or St. George's, which creates problems, as Cama's single ambulance is often out of commission and patients have to be sent in taxis (at the Government's expense). Furthermore, there are no qualified pathologists or electro-cardiogram technicians, so that ECGs and blood and urine tests have to be done elsewhere, again with a great waste of time and money. Besides, the radiology department closes down at 2 p.m. and patients needing X-rays after that time must be sent to other hospitals.

Certainly these other issues are valid and deserve attention, but they should not be allowed to overshadow the issue of male vs. female doctors which is demanding a quick solution.

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V.I.P. Interviews-2

Funny. When he says V.I.P., it sounds like Japanese!

We met Mr. Takayoshi Fujiwara* in Bombay. He bowed in greeting. We bowed in return. He bowed... A few bows later, we sat down.

After some polite preliminaries, we got down to business. "Why do you buy V.I.P. luggage?" we asked. To our surprise, our imperturbable host was affronted. "Why," he sputtered. "Why not! Why the world buys our Akai tape recorders? Sony TV sets? Seiko watches? Why not I buy your V.I.P.?"

Taken aback, we explained what we meant. We assured him we were glad he did. Mollified, he assured us he was glad too. Very glad. He shopped around the world. And bought the best.

We carefully worded our next question. "How did you come to choose V.I.P.? Had you read about it?"

"Red V.I.P.? No, no," he said, "I carry black. Only black. Sometimes maybe brown. But my wife like blue. My first daughter like green..."

"Yes," we said, enthusiastically. "We have seven V.I.P. colours—red, blue, black, brown, gold, grey and green. To please everyone. It's a big customer advantage."

"Me," he said, "I like small advantages." (We gave up!) "Like your special V.I.P. lining. Hand-stitching. In Japan, we notice." "What about toughness," we added. "What about the extra strength of a V.I.P.?" He dismissed it in one eloquent sentence. "I show you a Sumō wrestler, I no tell you he strong man!"

We recovered from that rebuff and moved on to secure ground!

"Your V.I.P. locks," he said, "are very good. Me, I have combination lock. My wife have regular lock. My daughter have both..."

"Everyone in your family has a V.I.P.?" we asked, quite delighted. "Yes," was the reply. A simple explanation followed, "I buy them!"

"Maybe I buy more V.I.P. My wife's cousin like V.I.P. My uncle's friend want eight V.I.P.s... Why not I buy now? I buy..."

He paused for a second.

"Why not I buy your V.I.P. company? Tell me. How much?"

Somehow, we managed to get out of that. And fled.

(For those who are understandably a little worried, let us assure you that we still have our Japanese customers, including Mr. Fujiwara. But the Company, which incidentally continues to be called Blow Plast Limited, remains Indian. 100%!)

**To protect the privacy of our V.I.P. customers, it has been necessary to conceal their actual identities.*

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BINDIYA:

"MY SUCCESS IS NOT A FLUKE"

Jyothi Venkatesh

Bindiya is capable of driving one up the wall. And since her mother, Mrs. Neesha Goswami, asserts that basically Bindiya is a child, one has to adjust oneself to suit Bindiya's convenience. Bindiya waited for me at her modest air-conditioned apartment at Khar for this interview, and then cajoled me into letting her go to her library in town to fetch the latest Mills & Boon. She is crazy about them.

And when she came back home with a load of books, she had the cheek to implore me not to write that she had made me wait for her for nearly an hour. "You are the only journalist whom I have made my rakhi-brother. Don't be mean to me and give a nasty write-up," she said.

When her 'Jeevan Jyoti' was released, she had announced to the press that she was 16 years old though she was only 14, according to her. "I thought nobody would believe me if I said I was 14 at that time and yet was the leading lady of the film. I am repenting now because people think I am 19 years old today when really I am only 17 (16 years and 10 months precisely)."

Ever since Bindiya bagged the 'Shaan' offer opposite Shashi Kapoor and '1965' opposite Vinod Khanna, Bindiya has been wary of accepting any offer teaming her with lesser heroes. And she makes no bones about it. "Sachin doesn't suit me because he is shorter than me. When I was working in 'College Girl' with him, I had to wear flat sandals and he had to wear high heels when we did the romantic scenes.

"After 'Chala Murari Hero Banne', I have not accepted any film with Asrani because I do not want to do any more films with him. I have passed that stage. I have to keep in mind my standing, too. I have got to consider the set-up and banner. That is the reason I didn't do Asrani's 'Salaam Memsaab' and Ramesh Meer's 'Ghadbad Ghotala', even though Asrani was keen on my co-starring with him in both the films."

Bindiya's philosophy confuses me. She says, "If I like a person when I see him for the first time, I like him for ever. But if I hate a person when I see him for the first time, I'll continue to hate him even if he 'sudhrofies' himself later on. I may accept films with Parikshat Sahni or for that matter even with Vikram but I will never again work with Vijay Arora. I either like or hate at first sight. Not love at first sight, mind you, but like."

Bindiya is looking forward to working with Chintu. Though she has been signed for two films with Chintu — 'Khuda Gawah' and 'Tumhe Dekha Tumhe Chaha' — she hasn't faced the camera with Chintu "because Chintu's jaundice came in the way and the schedule had to be cancelled". She feels that she will make a better pair with Chintu than even Tina.

It is with Vinod Mehra that Bindiya has been teamed in a majority of films. "The team sells and hence the producers are clamouring to team Vinny with me. We have been working for the past three years and have a good rapport with each other. My first film with Vinod was 'Duniyadari'. At the moment I am working with him in 'Dada', 'Sansani', 'Jaandar' and Atmaram'.

When Jaya Chakravarthy's 'Kasam Geeta Ki' was launched early this year, Bindiya was given to understand that hers was a parallel role with Hema opposite Jeetendra. However, she has now been told that there has been some reshuffling and Raakesh Roshan has been cast opposite Bindiya in the romantic lead. "Now that it is no longer going to be a triangle, I have decided to request Mummy for a billing as a special appearance." 'Mummy' is Jaya Chakravarthy.

Bindiya figured in the news recently in trade circles when producer Sohanlal Kanwar complained to the Producers' Union that Bindiya was creating problems for him by not giving him dates for 'Atmaram' as per her commitment to him. "I won the case ultimately," Bindiya beamed when I broached the issue. "Sohanlal Kanwar had paid me very little of the committed amount for my work in his 'Duniyadari'. Yet I had agreed to work in his 'Atmaram'. He hasn't still paid a single paisa for 'Atmaram', not even the signing amount. And on top of it, he wanted me to report for his shooting at the eleventh hour when I had already committed my dates to Ramesh Sippy for 'Shaan'."

According to Bindiya, Sohanlal Kanwar has agreed to pay Bindiya her dues for 'Atmaram' in instalments. "If he doesn't, I won't complete his film. I cannot let myself be taken for a ride, you see. You can put this on record."

Bindiya rarely makes it alone to parties in filmland. Even on the sets one can see her being escorted by either her pretty sister Pearl, who is an air-hostess, or her mother. "It's not that they do not trust me or that I cannot look after myself. I feel that a girl gets more respect when she goes out with some female member from her family — either a sister or a mother. Otherwise males in the industry try to take undue advantage of your 'akelapan'. Basically it is a nice feeling to have someone you know and like with you. It doesn't at all mean that I want to be surrounded all the time by chamchas. In fact, I don't have any chamcha at all."

Bindiya's films ready for release are 'Muqabala' with Sunil Dutt, Shatrughan Sinha and Reena Roy, 'Gol Maal' with Amol Palekar, and 'Dada' with Vinod Mehra. Her 'Jaani Dushman' with a horde of other stars has been banned by the censors. Among the films she has on the floors currently are 'Saat Samandar Paar', a bilingual film in Hindi and Bengali with Mithun Chakravorty, and 'Khoon Kharaba' with Vinod Mehra

Bindiya resents being dubbed a fluke success by critics. "I cannot understand why people say that 'Khatta Meetha' is the only film of mine that has clicked at the box-office. All my other films flopped only in Bombay. Elsewhere they were declared hits

Photograph : Girish Shukla

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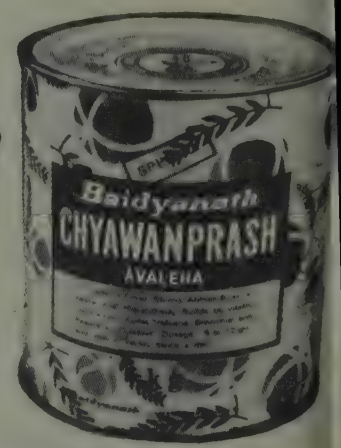

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MOTHER'S LIES DROVE ME TO MANSLAUGHTER

true confession

I was conscious I was hitting him. That he was much smaller than me. Yet there was such a rage in my head that rode down into my heels that I was not really aware he couldn't take any more. The boys who had crowded round to watch the fight cheered lustily. To them I was the victor.

"Three cheers for Amar," they shouted. I gave him a kick, the last one. He doubled up with pain and went down to the ground like that. I had spikes on because I had been training for the athletic meet to be held shortly. The excitement of the forthcoming event had been on for days and I was keyed up to win the main race. I was the only hope of my school.

The sun beat hotly down on us. Pritam lay on the ground at my feet, deathly still. From his ear there oozed a trickle of blood. It gave me a jolt. Haemorrhage. From the little that I had learnt in our physiology class I knew that could only be due to internal bleeding from the brain. I felt sick. From somewhere far away it seemed whistles were blowing shrilly. The boys who had crowded round to watch the fight parted now like a curtain. Dully I realised that the headmaster was amidst us.

"What's the meaning of this?" he asked sharply.

"They had a fight, Sir," whispered the boy nearest me, a frail fellow with a quaver in his voice.

"I didn't ask you," the headmaster snapped. "I was speaking to Amar."

"I...I..." Words wouldn't come. They stuck in my throat and made me choke. I heard the unmistakable hum of an ambulance, I don't know who had sent for it. Probably word had gone to the old man and he had already sent for it, before he descended into our midst to quell the riot.

"Come into my study," he ordered me curtly and marched away.

I followed at a distance. I heard the whispers of the boys. They didn't think so much of me now. A stretcher was lowered to the ground and Pritam's still form was lifted onto it by white-coated attendants.

"Is he dead?" I heard a boy ask.

"Where are you taking him?" another wanted to know.

"Get away, you ruffians. We're taking him to hospital," cried the man at the head of the stretcher. They fell back while the men proceeded to the ambulance.

Inside the headmaster's room I was tongue-tied. I shivered from fear. Book shelves lined one entire wall and at the other stood his desk. There was no touch of flowers or decoration here. Even the curtains were brown and the walls were bare of pictures. It was the room of a stern disciplinarian. He lived alone in a cottage on the school grounds. Hardly any of the boys had ventured into that sanctum. They called it 'the inner shrine' and there was a kind of awed idolatory in their worshipful attitude towards the school head.

"You should be ashamed of yourself," he said. I didn't reply, just stood staring at my toes.

"Look at me when I'm speaking," he said.

He could not have been very old. Only the hair at his temples was touched with grey. But to us he seemed ancient. He had been there ever since we were little boys in the junior school.

"Do you know what will happen if he dies?" he said.

I licked my lips. I couldn't speak.

"They won't hang you, of course, because you're under eighteen years. A year more and you will be eligible for the death penalty."

I was in a blind rage and I kept hitting him even when he fell down. I had no thought of the consequences. All I knew was that he had called my mother a dirty name

"Have you ever been inside a reform school?" he asked. "No, Sir," I replied.

"It has dismal grey walls with glass embedded at the top to shut off all escape. They have tough task masters there, who won't hesitate to whip you. They make you slog, then give you a meal which leaves you half famished and tossing in bed from sleeplessness. Only then can you taste the remembered pleasures of what you have missed, by losing your freedom."

"He said my mother whored for a living," I said. It was a fierce defence of my family respect. He looked away from me, out of the window in embarrassment. He was not married and shunned all talk of women. Even the teachers in the school were all male, a rule he had maintained over the years in fierce rebellion against the older regime which had allowed women on the teaching staff. There was a great deal of resentment about this embargo and the ousted women teachers had led a procession to the office of the education minister. But their petition hadn't made any impact.

There was apparently a background to the whole story which hadn't come to light. One of the younger teachers who always

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women in sport

LALITHA NINAN

VOLLEYBALL STAR

Lalitha Ninan smashed her way to glory when she led the Kerala Volleyball Team to victory in the Nationals at Palai in 1975. The 22-year-old spiker from Kerala has been playing for the State and the University since 1972. She made her debut at the age of 14 and soon earned a place in the State team in the National Games (1969-70) at Trivandrum.

Lalitha produced her touch of class in the Inter-Varsity Championship in Gujarat in 1974, to help defeat Madras University in the finals. She was made State Captain for the 1975 National at Palai and of Kerala University the next year.

Lalitha does two to four hours of strenous practice every day. She feels that the lack of intensive coaching particularly in new techniques, is the cause of the low standard of play in the country.

Lalitha, who graduated with Botany from Bharat Matha College. Trikkakara (Ernakulam), now leads the women's team of the Kerala State Electricity Board.

Her unerring and blistering smashes, penetrating services and judicious placing are a treat to the eye. A little more effort on her part to improve her footwork, and she would be the finest volleyball player in the country since the exit of the versatile Elamma.

M. P. Suresh

MOTHER'S LIES DROVE ME TO MANSLAUGHTER

wore revealing dresses had been set upon one evening by a gang of class ten students. The boys had been rusticated and the teacher had resigned. There was no police case because the lady had not wanted to have her name and face published. The old headmaster had been retired prematurely. In his place had come the stern Chand Sethia, woman-hater and disciplinarian, with no smiles to temper his authoritarian manner.

All this had happened such a long time ago that it seemed ancient history to us boys. I hadn't even been born when it happened. But I had heard vague references to it from older boys.

"Your mother," the headmaster began. "I'd much rather she wasn't brought into this, Sir," I said humbly. "She is very sensitive. . . and . . ."

"Amar," he said. "You must understand the seriousness of what you have done. You have beaten a boy within inches of death. Maybe even to death. . . Only the doctors can tell us that. I have already sent for your mother."

"But, Sir. . ."

"It was a pity this ugly incident had to take place. . . you had such a wonderful future as an athlete. This may well mean the end if it."

The phone rang and Mr. Chand Sethia reached across and picked it up. "Yes, I see how it is. I'll be there with him." I looked at him inquiringly.

"Come with me, Amar," he said. "We have to go to the police station."

"Oh!"

"We'll leave word here for your mother to join us there," he said.

I sat beside him as he drove.The blood on my cuts was drying up now.

"Is he dead?" I said, in a flat, emotionless voice.

He glanced at me, then back at the road again.

"You're not very sorry for what you did, are you?"

"No, Sir."

"That will look bad at the police station. Try to bring some tears to your eyes. Repent your actions. Callousness won't get you anywhere. It will only make your case worse. Any hope of reprieve will be shot to hell."

"I'm sorry, I can't cry. I'm not a liar, Sir. He was a wretch and I'm glad I hit him."

"Look Amar. Think of your mother. How will she feel? Imagine what will happen to her."

"She will be happy I defended her honour," I said.

"Once they arrest you she will have to bear the traumatic experience all alone."

Suddenly the tears came. By the time he pulled up in front of the police station I was a tearful wreck, red-eyed and pathetic. The tears were not for Pritam. They were for my mother, who'd battled the world alone all these years, ever since father deserted her.

I walked beside the headmaster through the blinding sun. A police inspector squinted at us through the door. He was wearing dark glasses. He put out his hand to the headmaster, half-apologetically.

"I'm sorry this had to happen in your school," he said. "The second time discipline has been upset."

"I was not there the first time, remember?" said Mr. Chand Sethia, unsmiling.

"Come out of the sun. I have a few questions to ask the boy."

He left me standing for a couple of minutes as he took the headmaster aside and whispered something in his ear. I saw Mr. Chand Sethia's face grow red but he regained his composure quickly and walked towards me.

"Sit down," he said, "and tell the Inspector exactly what happened."

"I was rehearsing for the athletics meet," I began, "when Pritam put out a hockey stick and tripped me. I went sprawling in the dust because I had least expected the obstruction. Then he said in the hearing of dozens of boys, 'Look, the fallen son of a fallen woman.' I got up smarting more from his words than the bruises on my knees. I would have gone away without taking any heed of his words, if he hadn't needled me still further. 'Do you know how mother whores for a living?' he said. The others sniggered. That's when something got into me. I set upon him in a fury. The hockey stick went flying from his hands. Then I began to hit him. He put up quite a fight but I overpowered him in the end."

"This story seems to tally with the version of the others," said the Inspector. "Pritam's in a coma, so we haven't been able to get his statement. We've got a few facts on the woman though. It appears there's some truth to the allegation. She has been apprehended for soliciting a couple of times, but let off with a fine. I don't know if the boy will pull through, but whether he does or doesn't, things are bad for your problem pupil. Pritam's father is an influential man and he can make things pretty hot if he wants to."

We waited for an hour at the police station but mother didn't turn up.

"I don't think she'll come," said Mr. Chand Sethia presently. "I better drop you home." In the car I was silent. The knowledge of my mother's vocation had come like a shock.

"I've assumed full responsibility for your release just now," said the headmaster. "I've told them I will see that you're made available whenever they need you for questioning. I know you acted with utmost righteousness but the law is ruthless."

"I won't let you down, Sir," I said. "I won't run away."

"Oh Amar." I had got out of the car. Now I stopped and turned curiously, wondering what was coming, suddenly afraid.

"Don't tell your mother what happened. I mean at the police station." I understood what he meant. He didn't want her to know I knew about her shady night life. Suddenly he was embarrassed. He drove away quickly and I was left standing on the road.

I went into the house, a small cramped flat where I lived alone with my mother. She was stirring some curry on the fire.

"Are you back? I'll get you some milk,' she said.

"Mother," I said. "Today I beat up a boy because of you."

Her back stiffened slightly, but apart from that there was no indication she had even heard me.

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The Tax so deducted is DEPOSITED to the credit of the Central Government on the appropriate chalan form WITHIN ONE WEEK FROM THE END OF THE MONTH IN WHICH SUCH TAX IS DEDUCTED

HOWEVER if you are carrying on business or profession and the interest is credited to the account of the payee in your books as on the account closing date, you may deposit the tax deducted from the interest so credited within two months from the end of the month in which your accounts are closed.

- You furnish to the payee a certificate in the prescribed form No. 19A in respect of Tax deducted from interest paid to him or credited to his account.

APPROPRIATE CHALAN FORMS:

- For tax deducted from payment to companies — ITNS 39A
- For tax deducted from payment to persons other than companies — ITNS 39

CATEGORGY OF PAYEES	• Prescribed rates of Deduction	
	Income-tax	Surcharge
Resident person (other than a company)	10%	NIL
Non-resident person (other than a company)	30%	4.5%

(or the income-tax and surcharge calculated on the total amount of the interest income at the rates applicable for advance tax payments by individuals etc. whichever is higher)

Domestic company	20%	1%
Non-domestic company	70%	3.5%

Individuals and Hindu undivided families are not required to deduct tax at source from interest paid or credited to the account of any resident person.

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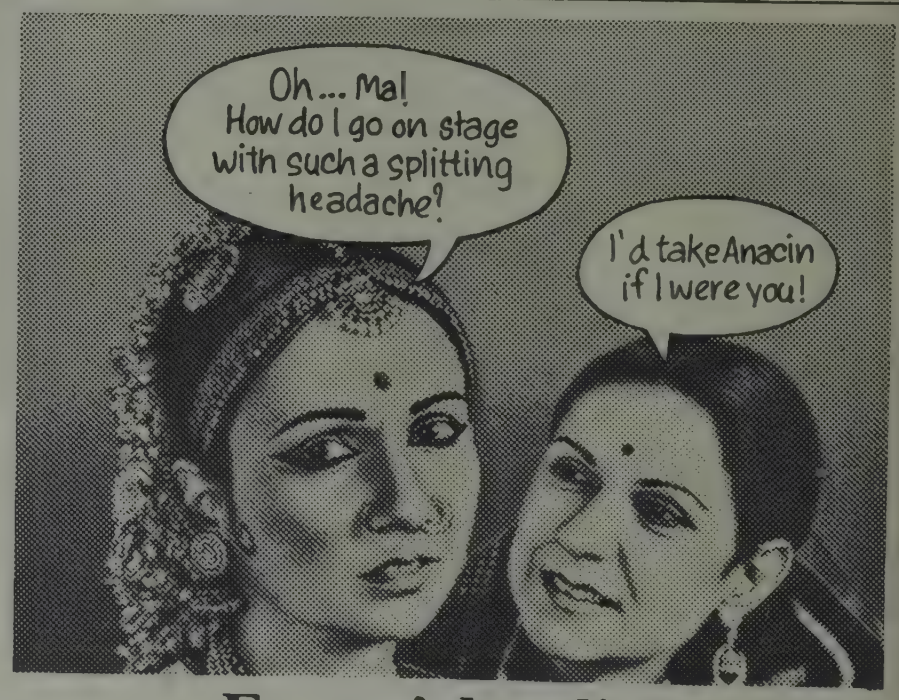

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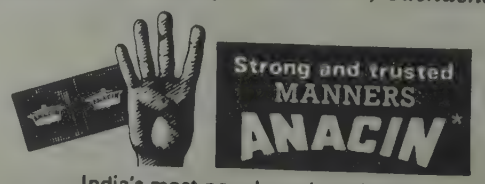

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SHEILA SINHA:

BATTLING BUREAUCRACY

Ever since she set up a small-scale unit she has been facing obstacles, all deliberately put in her way

R. Narayan

Mrs. Sheila Sinha with a pedal loom designed and produced by her unit.

Every functionary in the Bihar industries department, from the Minister down to a clerk, claims that he is doing everything possible to put the state on the industrial map of the country. This is strongly disputed by Mrs. Sheila Sinha, the only woman entrepreneur in the Patna Industrial Estate.

Mrs. Sinha, who is in her early thirties, says a new entrepreneur has to face too many problems in this state. In her case they have increased further because she cannot kick up as much dust as a male entrepreneur can. However, her grit has carried her through the last six years.

Her travails began in early 1972 when she set up a small-scale unit in Patna after settling down there in 1969, having done her college in Agra.

The first assignment she got was for repairing power transformers of the Bihar State Electricity Board. Initially, her bills were promptly paid. Officials were helpful, but this lasted only a few months. "After a new entrepreneur, a male this time, appeared on the scene to do the same kind of work, their attitude changed. He was rich and could grease their palms well," she alleges.

However, Mrs. Sinha did not bow out. She fought hard for her case. She even got a committee appointed to look into her complaints. But nothing happened.

She left the Board's job with bills totalling Rs. 20,000 uncleared. This was in late 1972; the bills are still allegedly pending.

The Agro-Industries Development Corporation was her next client. The Corporation, which was producing power tillers, asked her to manufacture frames and chain case covers. She was assured that her unit would be treated as an ancillary of the corporation, which meant she had no marketing problems. The corporation would find ways to sell the product.

Mrs. Sinha got orders worth about Rs. 80,000 in the first lot. The future looked bright, but it was not to be. Soon some officials started creating complications. While giving fresh orders they specified different materials and designs without revising the rates.

"Naturally, I protested. I even saw the Agriculture Minister. But nothing happened. Encouraged, the corporation officials asked me to work at the old rates or quit. Obviously they wanted to oblige another man with the contract," she says.

After the break with the corporation she came in contact with the scooter assembly plant at Fatwa, near Patna. This was in 1976. She won the order for the supply of some parts worth Rs. 62,000. Being short of funds she asked for an advance, which is normally given to small-scale units. Not only was she refused the advance, but her order was slashed to Rs. 14,000.

Sometime later the government decided to encourage the handloom industry and provide facilities to entrepreneurs producing pedal looms. With the help of her father she produced the prototype of a new pedal loom in August 1977. The final design, incorporating changes suggested by the Handloom Board, was soon ready. This design was ap proved by a team of state officials in October.

According to Mrs. Sinha, vested interests in the industry did not take kindly to this and put obstacles in her way. They had got interested because for manufacturing pedal looms the goverment had announced 50 per cent subsidy and 50 per cent loan; entrepreneurs had nothing to invest from their accounts. Officials too changed their stance.

"You would not believe it, but at their instance I was asked to get weavers to approve our looms, though technical experts had already approved them. A list of weavers in different districts was supplied to me, and I had to meet them personally and seek their approval. Imagine the time and money required for the job," she bemoaned.

Meanwhile, some officials hurried through a deal with a Varanasi firm and purchased some looms from there ignoring her claims, Mrs. Sinha alleges.

They would have put her out had not a local newspaper taken up cudgels on her behalf and serialised her experiences and "exposed" the officials' game.

She has now got orders for the supply of 39 pedal looms, thanks to the paper. However, the orders are far short of the promise made to her. She was assured of an annual order of 500 looms nearly three years ago. By now she should have produced and marketed 1,500 looms.

PAPER PATTERN—2

Sheroo Cooper

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FOR YOUR LITTLE ONE

A pretty dress for pretty girls — they'll love to wear it for playtime or parties. With prices of clothes soaring, it makes it even more economical to sew for yourself and save money. Simple, with box pleats and puff sleeves, the dress has tiny gypure flowers to embroider. It's all ready to sew!

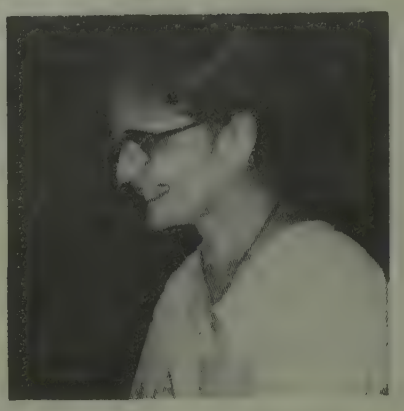
MEASUREMENTS: Age 4 to 5 years. Length of waist = 25.5 cms. Full length of dress = 51 cms. Chest = 61 cms. to 63.5 cms. Waist = 56 cms.

See the pull-out in this issue for the actual size paper pattern and instructions.

MIRROR

Breaking the Age Barrier

Grandpa—An easy-chair in the sunlit verandah, a flask of coffee and a copy of the Mirror—that is grandpa's idea of relaxation. He is poring over an article on the generation gap

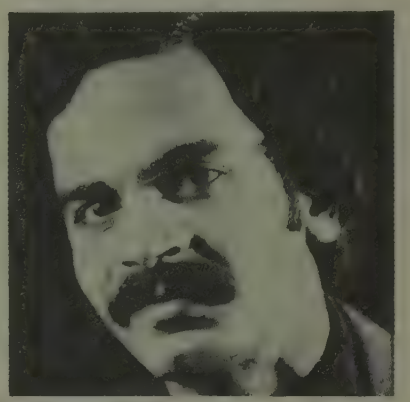


Grandma—Her grandson has finally gone to sleep. So, it is time for a quick look at the Mirror for grandma. She is absorbed in the mystery of the Hope diamond, peering down memory lane at her own struggles to acquire her diamonds.

The daughter-in-law—As a custodian of the health and well-being of her family, the daughter-in-law finds the 'Your health is our concern column fascinating.

The son—A busy executive relaxes with the Mirror, noting the quotations at the end of the articles for his next Junior Chamber speech.

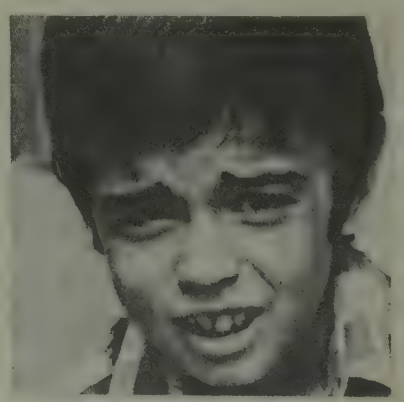
The younger daughter-in-law—She has literary aspirations. Mirror's regular column on "The writing of poetry" has put her on the right track.



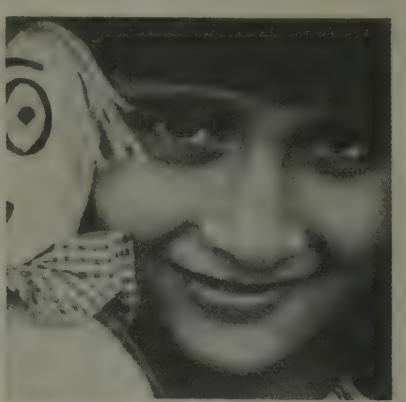
The younger son—What does life have in store for him? Will he too achieve greatness like all the men and women he has been reading about in Mirror's 'How they became great' column?

The teenage son—His favourite hobby is pen pals and Mirror's "Pen Pals" column opens out new worlds to him.

The teenage daughter—She likes to impress her boy friends with the wealth of general knowledge that she gleans through the Mirror.



The little son—He resents the Mirror. The whole family is immersed in it and finds no time for him. But he does like the Ripley's, 'Believe it or not' page in Mirror.



The little daughter—She can't wait to grow up to join the happy family of Mirror readers

The Mirror is a complete family magazine —a good, clean, family magazine with no sex, sensationalism, politics, or cinema. There is something for every member of the family in the Mirror. Every issue has 110 pages of well-researched, informative, entertaining articles on a wide spectrum of subjects. The Mirror is a magazine which gives you value for money and is a must for every family.

MIRROR

hi ya honey!

By an Alves called Johnnie

Honey, last night we went to Clare's party. She throws one every year. Her cook distills the finest country liquor this side of Bandra. With a little flavour it could be a wonderful substitute for Indian made foreign liquor. Clare works for a famous five-star hotel in Juhu and her annual party is always held a day after a grand function at the hotel — with the same music, same decoration and same menu.

Clare's husband Peter has picked up some wonderful money saving ideas. No sooner are the guests assembled than an album full of beautiful photographs of his niece's wedding is passed around. It takes about an hour for the album to go around and it's calculated by Peter's drinking friends that he thus saves at least three rounds of whisky.

The guests are generally huddled in groups discussing their own latest gossip. I overheard one group and the conversation went something like this: "So the Misquittas have split up again?" "Really? Not Alfred and Jane?" "As if you didn't know! It appears Alfred's young daughter one day innocently mentioned her secret Uncle who came over regularly and gave her chocolates to keep him secret." "What's the world coming to! I wonder who'll be next?" "I shouldn't be saying this, but Nelson and Yvonne don't seem to be hitting it off very well lately." "Really? what makes you think so?" "Well, for one thing, Yvonne, as you perhaps know, and it's none of my business really, but she has a new dress every day. They don't suit her, of course, but who are we to judge? I am told that Nelson is finding it extremely difficult to keep up with her expenses. I heard that there is an inquiry in the office about some missing cash. I mean I don't know if Nelson is involved, but one never knows, you know."

Drink then came, honey, and I casually mentioned to the other guests that if couples were separated, the least they could do was return the wedding presents. "I would then get my electric iron back from the Misquittas." "We gave the Misquittas a pair of bedsheets." "We did not. We gave the Naronhas the bedsheets." "Pardon me, but. . ." "Oh, shut up, Babs, you damn well know we didn't. Why do you always. . ." "I don't always, it's you always. You have got this stupid memory. . ." I took my glass and went out on the verandah. This happens at most parties.

Honey, I have discovered a very simple foolproof way of finding who is married to whom, in case you don't know and you want to find out. Just ask the gentleman to sing and you will immediately hear the wife say, "Not Francis, he can't sing for nuts." Or ask him to have another drink and the wife will decline on his behalf. One of the nice things at Clare's party is that it gives me a nostalgic feeling. After a few drinks, I go back forty years and always hear about someone coming down the mountain in her pink pajamas, or there is always somebody who is saying good night to Irene. The pitiful sight was Clare's three young modern sons. They were anxious to hear songs with 'it' and 'zep', and the faces they made made me think that their haemorrhoids were hurting.

Snacks were passed round. There were biscuits with a coating of what looked like worms and leaves ground to a green paste, there were the usual masala nuts left over from a previous birthday and I noticed that those who were not drinking were repeatedly asked to have another.

After a long year of Women's Lib, it is still customary to ask the ladies to dinner first. And so the wives were seen returning with their plates full and as they passed their husbands I overheard some of them. "Francis, don't touch the pork, it stinks." "Mathew, keep away from the chicken, I think Clare has bought some athletic fowl." My wife asked me to take the raitha in a cup. "It's too watery. Clare never knew how to make raitha." While the eating was on, the silence was punctuated by the biggest diplomatic lies I've ever heard. "Clare, your pork is simply divine!" "You must give me the chicken curry recipe". "This must be Delhi rice, the biryani is out of this world."

The Goans make the most heavenly bibique — their national sweet. Clare of course put 20, instead of the 40 eggs, but it was palatable, especially as all the fat cats around could not have it for reasons of weight. As usual, I had my dessert and then went home and had a hearty meal

Until next time then.

LET'S HAVE A PARTY
all it needs is a little ingenuity

frankly speaking

Devi

There was this Shabnam, N. N. Sippy's married daughter, who takes her name too seriously and tries to descend like a dewdrop (Shabnam) or an evening star. She is short and runs around like a child, aunty-Thanks to Satan, she did not try the aunty stuff on me. I hate familiar names as well as distortions of beautiful names, specially when I have toiled to make my name famous. At the "Devata" release party held at the Taj, Shabnam hugged Benjamin, Prema, Danny, Kim and Sanjeev. She

ALL ABOUT KIM & DIM

could not make it to Dr. Lagu and wife. Sanjeev and Danny appreciated this producer's daughter so much that in between conversation, instead of exclamatory marks, they hugged Shabnam.

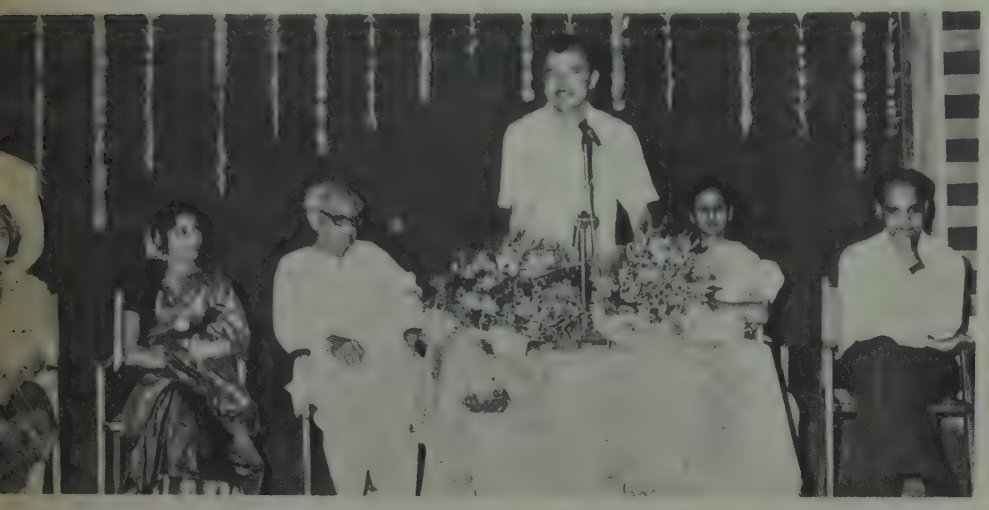
Then these stars stood separately at all corners, and came together for group photos, so on and so forth, and the "Devata" letters in ice kept melting steadily. Danny had his muhurat the day after. He will direct Rajesh, Kim. Two years ago Danny and Dimple danced all night at the Supper Club at the Oberoi Sheraton, while Rajesh was away for outdoor shooting. When I wrote about it, all the three accused me of 'night blindness' but erased the whole issue saying, "It is because Dimple resembles Kim, and Danny was actually dancing with Kim". Now I hope Rajesh does not mistake Kim for Dimple, especially during the outdoors, because Danny's hobby is dancing with Kim the whole night, but Rajesh's hobby is getting Dimple pregnant.

It is pathetic when a romantic pair overstays. Raj Nargis, Dilip Madhubala, Rajesh Mumtaz all broke up in time, but then Dharam Hema pair has stayed on to decay and flop at the box-office. So a desperate Dharam, in time for the "Dillagi" release, has tried the last resort: he has stripped himself, is on the look out for journalists to buy his various "True Confessions."

* * *

With the thanda response to "Muqaddar Ka Sikander", film pandits are looking forward to a Chikmagalur for Rajesh. They say he has signed half a dozen films and whereas all them can be a Chikmagalur

people and events



Seen at the arangetram of Mrs. Vimala Nair, held in Bombay, are (from left) the dancer, her guru Kum. Vasanthasena, chief guest Mr. Soli R. Batliwala, Mr. Sushilkumar Shinde, Maharashtra's Minister for Labour and Tourism, who presided, Mrs. Shinde and a guest.

RIGHT: Mr. Chittabrata Majumdar, West Bengal's Minister for Cottage & Small-Scale Industries, inaugurated an exhibition of dolls held by Mrs. Manjula Sengupta (to his left) in Calcutta. Seen with them are Mrs. Majumdar (ext. left) and Mrs. Sengupta's students.

Judges of the 'Light-a-Light' Matchbox Competition held by the Revenue Unit of the National Association for the Blind, Bombay. From left, seated, Mr. Adil Ghosh, Mrs. Saroj Sarathy, Mr. H. T. Katra, Mr. Raghu Sawhney and Mrs. Zelma Lazarus. Standing, Mr. K. J. Engineer, Mrs. R. S. Fazelbhoy, director, Revenue Unit, Mrs Veera Jamshedji, hostess, and Mrs. Veera M. Rao, exec. assistant.

Seen at the exhibition-and-sale of Kutch embroidery, jointly sponsored by the Max Mueller Bhavan and the Crafts Council of India in Madras are (from left) Mrs. Radha Pannikar, president of the Crafts Council, Mrs. Bharat Ram who arranged the exhibition, Mrs. Arnavaz Vasudev, artist, and Mrs. Sita Murari, secretary, Crafts Council, with Miss Bharat Ram.

Hostesses of the Oberoi Intercontinental dressed in Austrian costumes welcoming guests to the Australian Food Festival held at the Hotel in Delhi.

Mrs. A. G. Goni (5th from left), wife of the Indian Ambassador to Jordan, seen with Queen Nour of Jordan, when the former called on her at Amman recently.

Mrs. Sharda Mukherjee, Governor of Gujarat, (4th from left) seen participating in the 'Navratri Garba' held at Ahmedabad.

bombay

David C. Driver, of Seattle, U.S.A. will give a lecture on Christian Science on November 25 at Chowpatty. Christian Science is a religion, by the study of which millions of people all over the world are claimed to have been healed of their physical and emotional problems. Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy was the discover and founder of Christian Science.

Mr. Driver was born in New Zealand. In 1964 he became a registered Christian Science practitioner (or healer). In 1970 he became an authorised teacher of Christian Science. His lecture on November 25. in Bombay will be entitled "The Supply that meets the Demand".

* * *

Mr. A. K. Dave, chairman, ITDC Ltd., inaugurated the Diners Club International's Third Austral-Asia Conference at the Taj Mahal Hotel. Describing the credit card as a significant step in the progress of travel, as a new means of carrying wealth, Mr. Dave said that the credit card movement could be considered an extension of the travel industry.

Delegates from all over Asia and from New Zealand participated in the three-day conference. Among them were three women, Mrs. Carl Von Riesenfelder, wife of the vice-president of Diners Club International, Mrs. A. M. S. Budoyo, general manager of Diners Club, Indonesia and Miss Asanee Mokkhavesa, assistant manager, Diners Club, Thailand.

delhi

For a week, the Taj Restaurant of Oberoi Intercontinental reflected the mood of Austria in music and decor during the Austrian Food Festival. Hostesses dressed in traditional Austrian style looked after the guests. Chef de Cuisine Helmut Mayer came specially from Austria, as did well-known Austrian musisians. The organisers were Oberoi Intercontinental, the Austrian Trade Commissioner in Delhi, Austrian Air Lines and Air India.

calcutta

The expertise of an experienced craftsman and the originality of a creative artist marked the exhibition of dolls held at the Academy of Fine Arts by Manjula Sengupta.

Manjula's dolls have travelled to Germany and the U.S.A. with great success. She is due to exhibit in London shortly. The dolls are made out of rags, dressed meticulously and range from mythological beauties to modern characters. A section of the exhibition was devoted to handicrafts that can be made from throw-away items.

The Minister for Cottage and Small Scale Industries, Mr. Chittabrata Majumdar, inaugurated the exhibition.

madras

Under the auspices of the Crafts Council of India and the Max Mueller Bhavan, an exhibition and sale of embroidered articles produced by the talented women of Kutch was held here. In this connection a press conference was held at the Max Mueller Bhavan which was addressed by Mrs. Radha Panikkar, President of the Crafts Council of Madras. She shared some of the experiences during her visit to Kyoto, Japan, to attend the Eighth General Assembly and International Conference of the World Crafts Council in September. Mrs. Arnavaz Vasudev also spoke. Mrs. Sita Murari, Secretary of the Crafts Council, was in charge of the arrangements, while Mrs. Arun Bharat Ram was mainly responsible for collecting and arranging all the embroidered articles of Kutch.

* * *

The Home Science Department of Women's Christian College and the Society of Clinical Diabetologists are holding a Regional Workshop on "Planning Diet for Health" from January 10-12, 1979. Their aim is to bring together medical specialists, nutrition experts and dieticians of the four southern states to chalk out dietary regimes for health and disease.

Those wishing to enroll themselves as Donors/Delegates should contact Dr. Florence Theophilus, Organising Secretary, Home Science Dept., W.C.C., Madras 600006.

A nominal delegate fee will be charged.

pune

The Revenue Unit of the National Association for the Blind held a very unusual "Light a Light" Matchbox Competition. 2,513 children from 15 schools in Pune participated in the Competition.

Rumana Moledina of St. Mary's School, Pune was declared the Matchbox Champion of Pune. She collected 251 items in her box. Another St. Mary's student, Kavita Sehgal, received the title of the Matchbox Maharanee of Pune, for raising the largest amount of money from her sponsors.

Mr. Vijay M. Merchant, President of the National Association for the Blind, was the chief guest at the prize distribution function held in Pune.

trivandrum

"Saligramam", a new Malayalam play, presented by a team of amateur artistes makes an effort to unmask social workers who thrive on hypocrisy and the self-styled revolutionaries who lack the courage of conviction. The play written jointly by K. L. Mohana Valama and P.S. George was presented by the Food Corporation of India, Staff Recreation Club in Cochin.

DANCE BALLET AT KHAJURAHO

Tourists visiting Khajuraho can witness a unique dance ballet based on the Khajuraho theme — how the Khajuraho temples were built, their ultimate vandalism and their reglorification during the reign of Maharaja Chhatra Sal, the famous Bundela ruler of the Medieval period.

Vinod Chopra, the well-known dancer-choreographer will present the ballet, which includes all relevant classical and folk dance forms, with over 25 artistes selected from all over the country. Music will be provided by Vijay Raghav Rao. The ballet is expected to be staged early next year.

world of eve

USHA DUTTA

Young and talented Usha Dutta recently won the Kala Shri award for the best stage compere and T. V. announcer in Delhi. Usha became popular with her Delhi T.V. programme Delhinama. She has a lively style, and her soft and sophisticated voice has won her many fans. She is also a much-sought-after compere for cultural shows in the capital. Usha herself sings well and writes Urdu ghazals. Her compering is often interspersed with Urdu couplets. "Every woman should have a hobby or a career. It goes a long way to give her confidence and happiness," feels Usha.

Usha's happiest moments are "when the audience enjoys my compering and raves over my shairi (poetry)."

NIRMAL SACHDEV

Though not a trained teacher, Nirmal Sachdev has used her time, energy, and love of humanity to further the cause of education.

A railway wife herself, she has concentrated on the railway workers' children. Her latest venture is the primary school in Belvedere, Calcutta.

Chairman of the Eastern Railway Women's Organisation, (ERWO) Mrs. Sachdev works for the economic rehabilitation of the widows of railwaymen. Nirmal Sachdev is proud that the E.R.W.O. also organises art exhibitions every year to nurture the talents of railwaymen and their children. The ERWO also donates substantially to welfare organisations.

Mrs. Sachdev also sees to it that her organisation helps the country whenever natural calamities occur, thus widening its field from serving railway workers to serving others in need too.

Mrs. Sachdev's three children have benefited both from her love of teaching and her flair for unusual cooking!

this week for you

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A delightfully varied year, but perhaps a little too busy. In fact, you may find yourself with a mild ailment June/July, this being inconvenient, rather than dangerous. It seems that you will be keeping plans and hopes to yourself for the first half of 1979 and this is probably the right thing to do. Should you have an artistic talent, be sure to develop this around August and September, to cultivate people who have similar tastes and hobbies. Travel is a good proposition, especially in February and August. Fresh faces and places are to be generally welcomed and such activity will bring a happy relationship, if heart-free. You are very intuitive, but try not to become over-imaginative in June, sensing intrigue and backbiting where none exist.

For the week Nov. 26 — Dec. 2, 1978

John Naylor

ARIES (Mar. 22 — April 20)

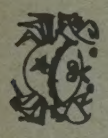
A lot of running around this week but very beneficial to you. A week when you'll get reward for recent efforts. Aim high now in both business and personal affairs. You can achieve your ambitions if you are alert to opportunities. A letter or message may be delayed but will contain pleasing news when it arrives.

TAURUS (April 21 — May 21)

A sudden and unforeseen expense will arise shortly, possibly to do with a youngster in the family or a minor domestic emergency. Generally, it is a time to be rather cautious about money matters and, in personal spending, you won't be pleased with your choice, probably. However, try to keep routine accounts settled.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)

Mars will soon move out of opposition to Gemini, although Mercury, your ruling planet, remains in this adverse position for some weeks yet. You'll feel better, get less irritation, yet others will not be completely reliable and you must watch your own interests. Health probably needs building up; your confidence too.



CANCER (June 22 — July 23)

Keep up to date on the bits and bobs or you'll be in a muddle soon. As a Cancer subject you tend to take on the burdens of loved ones to too great an extent — but you must look after yourself in the weeks ahead. However, this will be a friendly and lively week which holds some promising meetings, if single.

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23)

A loving and lively influence is aiding leisure time activities. Accept invitations, even those that don't appeal. Contact with others can only advance your interests, not only this week but in the months ahead. An exciting phase for your love life; a new involvement could begin suddenly.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Push on if you have something special in view — in any sphere of your life. Follow your intuition if in any doubt. This week's stars show a lucky influence on home and family life, are helpful for making changes. The social scene looks lively and could soon bring a new romance, if you are heart-free.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

A week for getting results and co-operation — particularly if you need to make confidential inquiries or to deal with matters needing careful negotiation. Secrets are in the air, or you may be keeping special plans to yourself. It's a busy phase and a rather fortunate one, with a helpful accent on communication.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Venus in your sign indicates that you are in a sociable and romantic period — a lucky one too. Your personality will have that extra something that attracts others to you, good for business as well as personal matters. This is a favourable week for special shopping; involvement with youngsters will be rewarding.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

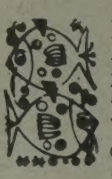
The stars are aiding your affairs, bringing a vital phase of life, giving you plenty of vitality and sex appeal. You'll have enthusiasm for tasks on hand and will push on well in both business and personal life. This week, deal with the odds and ends, tie up details, get answers from people. Extra cash should come in.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

You are progressing well although you may not realise it. You could take a step up very soon but if considering large-scale changes or endeavours, be inclined to leave these over until after the Full Moon of the 14th of December. Vital stars will then be helping you in all directions.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

A very sociable week when you'll be happily in tune with life and people, especially the youngsters in your circle. There is a strong accent on the lighter side of life and on new friendships. You may also have more cash in hand, temporarily. However, a financial squeeze is indicated soon, if this has not already occurred.



PISCES (Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

It is not likely that you are finding life lonely just now. In fact, this week it could become a little too complicated. You may find yourself interested in someone who makes an immediate impact on you but it seems that this relationship won't advance quickly. Travel, home changes, expansive plans are favoured.

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF DECEMBER 2, 1978

WATERBORNE DISEASES

It is good to be aware of the nature of waterborne diseases and to know what you can do to minimise chances of infection. A detailed report.

THE POLICE AND RAMEEZA BEE

The report of the Muktadar Commission which inquired into the Rameeza Bee case has brought to light the pitiable condition of suspect women, particularly of the poorer classes, at the hands of the police in the police station(s), and suggests that drastic action be taken by the government to ensure the personal safety of these women. Details about the report and its shocking findings.

WITCHDOCTORS

An eye-witness account of an African witch-doctor's treatment of a case.

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